



**Special Features This Issue**

“Great Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival”,  
“The Bandana Boat on the Canal de Bourgogne”,  
“Last Sharpie Cruise” – “Cumulative Errors”,

# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 26– Number 3

July 2008



**messing  
about in  
BOATS**

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July 2008



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# Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



The leadoff letter on the “You write to us about...” pages in this issue is headed, “2008 John Gardner Small Craft Workshop Cancelled.” I had been wondering why I had heard nothing from Mystic Seaport about this year’s event, especially since in recent years they have advertised it in advance with us. All these many years since about 1980 we have been there through its ups and downs, an annual ritual at which we had made many friends and enjoyed viewing and sometimes trying the handiwork of many of you. Now we suddenly learn that it’s over, just like that.

The letter explains that, “In our current situation, we are not in a position to hold the event this year. In the coming months we will be reviewing possibilities for the future of the event.” Well, maybe. After 37 uninterrupted years this premier gathering of traditional small craft folk has ceased to exist. The assertion that they will be “reviewing possibilities for the future of the event” is one commonly voiced by failed efforts, what happens is that the momentum gathered in so many years is abruptly dissipated and restarting after skipping a year (or more) is typically doomed to disappointment. The determining factors that brought about the decision to cancel the event this year are likely to still be there next year

Well, John Gardner, wherever you may be, what would you think about this sort of ignominious ending to what all your efforts back in 1970 to save traditional small craft from the heavy axe of the Coast Guard bureaucracy created? The Coast Guard proposal to impose design safety standards upon our boats, standards based on then contemporary production outboard powered craft, standards that would have banned just about all traditional sea keeping designs was successfully forestalled.

But the ambiance of that first gathering was so compelling that it was continued in 1971 when over 400 enthusiastic small craft folks gathered, including many, many well-

known names in the field professionally. No less a personage than Howard Chapelle was there to speak to the assembled multitude. *National Fisherman* carried John Gardner’s full report with photos of that event in their August 1971 issue and if I can get their OK to reprint it I will bring it to you in the August issue.

The Workshop did enjoy a long run but one wonders what, other than financial concerns, has brought it to this end? It is hard to believe that the Seaport is so financially hard pressed that the relatively modest cost of hosting the workshop (especially with its \$50 registration fee) has become unsupportable. The prestige of the Seaport lent a high level of credibility to the event, thus attracting all those traditional small boat builders/owners/users to it in expectation of a first class gathering. And they got it.

I missed the first ten years, not having become interested in such boating until the late ‘70s. I recall my first visit was about 1980, for I came home inspired to gather together small craft people in my area into a local group to further savor the heady dreams my discovery of such delightful boats at Mystic had inspired. That group still meets today as a local TSCA Chapter in Salem, Massachusetts.

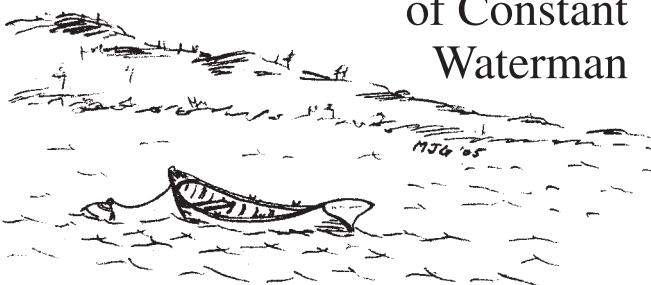
Although those heady days of innocent enthusiasm have long passed out of our life, together with many of those friends we made during those years, the annual reunion brought back memories as well as still a few of those friends from yesteryear, so we always looked forward to that first weekend in June. The ongoing success of the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival after 25 years makes me wonder why the Gardner workshop so suddenly failed.

It’s a sad day for us in that it reminds us of how much has happened over the 28 years since we first attended and became inspired to, amongst other things, launch this little magazine. Sorta like reading another obit for someone who figured largely in our life.

## On the Cover...

The 20' Melonseed built at the Florida Gulf Coast Maritime Museum in Cortez is an impressive sight underway at this year’s Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival hosted by the Museum in April. More photos and coverage are featured in this issue.

# From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman

Though the frost nipped at the flowers this morning, the air quickly warmed to 50° and deceived us all into thinking it another lovely spring day. The little crocuses, grateful for every sunbeam, basked by the wall. By noon it dropped back into the 40s, on the waterfront the breeze and humidity made it downright chilly. Midafternoon the rain set in. I suppose we should be thankful it wasn't snow. It began to snow Wednesday, even by the water, until I looked up at the sky and rehearsed my scowl.

Last Friday I began work on a Dyer 29, a lithe, attractive, power-boat built in the 1980s. She stood blocked up in the yard, due to come into our shop this past Monday. I removed the radar and its mast, then measured the height from the bottom of her keel to the top of her bow pulpit, just over 10'. Just a bit too tall to fit through our doors. Off came the pulpit. Now they could take her away. On Monday the yard crew came by.

"How soon before you bring her into our shop?" I asked.

"We supposed to bring her into your shop? First we heard about it."

"But how soon can you move her?"

"Just let us know when you're ready."

"I'll let you know," I said.

To quote Robert Burns, "The best-laid schemes o' boats an' men gang aft a-gley."

My boss reconsidered. I should remove the windscreens, bring it into the vacant shop, and refinish it before bringing in the vessel. When I returned to the Dyer Tuesday morning the yard crew had her upon the adjustable trailer, hitched to the old blue tractor.

"I said we'd let you know when we were ready," I expostulated.

"Don't try to impress us with your five syllable words," the crew replied.

"Put her down," I said. "There's been a change of plans."

"No sense putting her down here. We'll set her outside your shop."

It makes life easier, having the boat so handy to all our tools. With a stepladder secured to the swim platform I can access her easily. Tip-toeing around the cabin sides on the narrow deck proves vastly more amusing, but not what I'd enjoy with any sea running. Fortunately the sea remains calm in the parking lot most days.

I removed the windshield wipers, the running lights, disconnected the cables for the radar and navigation, unzipped the dodger panels and rolled them up, disconnected the frame, and backed out the 42 screws securing the windscreens. Sixteen screws had bungs, the rest had slots jammed full of layers of paint.

Then I started a slim wooden wedge into the joint between the windscreens and cabin top and worked a razor knife through the joint just ahead of the wedge to sever the adhesive. Advance a wedge, slit a few inches, advance a wedge. I could have used the heat gun but it might have bubbled the paint on the cabin top which didn't need refinishing. To write about all this has provided me most of the fun.

When I finally had the windscreens free, I braced it with furring strips to prevent any distortion that might crack the glass. The whole thing weighs but a hundred pounds, but I had doubts whether it would bounce if I dropped it 10 feet. I rigged a sling through the windshield wiper openings. Then we called the boom truck man. Hook it, lift it, set it down. Yes, you're very welcome. Nearly as easy as tossing it off the boat.

I should explain that a 29' boat nearly fills our facility. When the Dyer comes into the shop we'll scarcely have accommodation to work around her. But we boating people get so used to tight quarters that we wouldn't feel right having an excess of space. If you bring a waterman into your fairly large house, he'll seek out the smallest room and curl up there on your cable length coil of  $\frac{1}{8}$ ths double braid.

I knew one sailor who locked himself into a bathroom (not a head) one winter with 50 years worth of *Yachting* and wouldn't come out until it turned warm enough to paint his bottom.

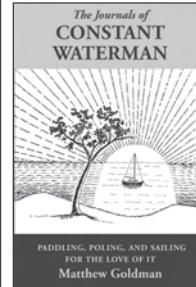
*Something else to  
read at anchor...*

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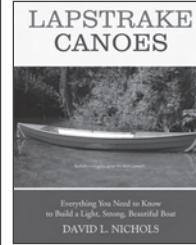
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Once again I'm indebted to Bob Hicks for sending me the right book at the right time. I've been working with plywood for 54 years and building skiffs for 34. Having used and built them for three decades, skiffs constitute the one small craft category in which I can claim some real expertise. Recently there's been pressure from customers and family to expand my offerings a bit. There are those wanting me to look beyond my penchant for oars and consider turning out a powerboat or two! Furthermore, I say that I build wooden boats. Certainly in the beginning I did, now, not really. The "plywood/epoxy" term in the book's title caught my eye as being more accurate. So it was with great interest that I awaited the arrival of Mr. Tolman's book.

There is a serious turn to all of this. My full-time job is managing a convenience store, our primary commodity is gasoline. I have an active boat building business. In each sector I'm confronted daily with the reality of escalating energy costs affecting my customers. While doing what I can to ameliorate these effects, there are clearly definite limits as to how much relief can be offered.

My perspective, of course, is colored by my background. My strongest ties are to agriculture, timber management, and boat building. In each instance, my mentors' roots went back to the pre-combustion engine era. My grandfather began farming with horses and oxen, my logging foreman started his career felling trees with a crosscut saw and an axe, and my first boat building instructor learned the trade in a shop that used no power tools. As time has passed the "carbon footprint" in each area has grown astronomically. Now the issues involved have moved from being "of some concern in the future" to integral aspects of a rather grim daily reality.

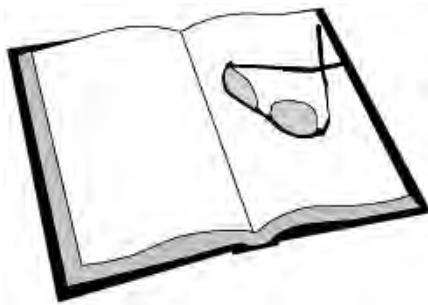
Fond as I am of rowing and sailing, I do recognize that recreational power boats have their place. For many they are the best option for reasons of convenience and safety. Otherwise the choice can come to no boating at all, decidedly not an attractive option! Regrettably, fuel costs are coming close to rendering the sport unavailable to the average person. This applies equally to those involved in local and/or seasonal fisheries, unless, of course, the investment in the boats themselves and the cost of transporting and operating them can be brought to more reasonable figures. This, I believe, is where *Tolman Alaska Skiffs: Building Plans for Three Plywood/Epoxy Skiffs* comes in.

First off, this book is a true rarity in that one can actually build the designs in question relying on it alone. (There is a qualification to that statement but it doesn't involve referring to other books. The matter will be addressed later.)

Secondly, as a writer Mr. Tolman has a gift for clear, succinct description that is to be envied. The book's not only informative, it's enjoyable to read. He has a wry sense of humor and knows when to employ it.

This book's true merit, though, lies in a unique design/construction technique one could definitely become excited about. The publisher's flag caption on the back reads, to wit: "Build a Better Boat Than You Can Buy!" Well, in this particular case, it appears one can do just that.

On the overleaf the editors define skiff (in Alaska terms) as "...an open, outboard-powered boat of wood or aluminum which is seaworthy, simple to build, and cheap to run." On all counts the design format Renn arrived at



## Book Reviews

### *Tolman Alaska Skiffs: Building Plans for Three Plywood/Epoxy Skiffs*

By Renn Tolman

Copyright 2003 by Renn Tolman  
ISBN 096687111-1

Kaniishak Publishing, Homer, AK  
245 pp, Soft Cover, 8½" x 11", \$39.95

Reviewed by Rodger C. Swanson

fits the above definition. (Be aware, though, "cheap" is relative and "simple" means straightforward, not "effortless".)

His account of the advantages and disadvantages of flat bottom skiffs is on point. As said, I've used and built them for over 30 years. All of mine were designed for inshore or lake conditions. Well, waves are waves and chop is chop wherever you encounter them. I've wished more than once the skiff du jour was more weatherly. Having used a good V-bottom on occasion, I was tempted to build one for myself. What always held me back was the (relatively) massive amount of extra framing required, the attendant increase in weight, and added inconvenience when servicing the boat's interior. It just never seemed quite worth it.

Renn's solution was to replace cross-framing with what he refers to as bulkhead and stringer construction. All internal framing runs lengthwise, the curved framing is sawn rather than gotten out.

On small skiffs one bulkhead and a center thwart provide enough cross bracing. The hull itself is laid up using a variation of the stitch-and-glue method. There are, in total, far fewer components and epoxy saturation is accomplished much more easily. The resultant boat is lighter, more durable, and more easily maintained, which add up to a boat with a potentially longer life expectancy.

In hull form the key feature is a modified V-bottom with eight degrees of deadrise for the smallest and 12 degrees for the largest. This combines the virtue of shallow draft for beaching and running "thin water" with better handling offshore in waves and chop. That he was able to come up with a practical approach to building a light V-bottom is the true mark of his talent and creativity and a testament to his persistence.

The section on the qualities needed in a good skiff and the pros and cons of Tolman skiffs is clear and precise. The text here

is more of a thorough description rather than a precise definition, which is fine. The real value is his treatment of how to go about selecting the proper boat. As said at the start of this review, a key factor is economy of construction, maintenance, transport, and operation. If one follows the author's instructions and recommendations, you'll achieve it. If you don't, you won't. Quite frankly, although Tolman skiffs have significant pluses from a performance standpoint, I can't see a person going to the effort of building one unless economy was a top priority.

This gets to the "build a better boat than you can buy" issue. At the simplest level, you can't just go out and buy a Tolman skiff. Well, you can, but only if you're lucky enough to come across of the few pre-owned craft that come up for sale. Or you can order a kit (which means you're still building a boat) from SkiffKits (go to [skiffkits.com](http://skiffkits.com) on the web). The point here is there probably isn't any production boat available all that similar to Tolman skiffs.

For example, the arrival of this book coincided with my friend Ed stopping by with his Sea Fox 18 (actually 17' 8") in tow. Dimensionally it's a closer match to the Tolman 18 Standard Skiff than the Boston Whaler Renn uses for comparison purposes. Ed's had the Sea Fox for five years and uses it primarily on Long Island Sound. He's pleased with it. That being said, on a trait by trait basis, Ed's opinion is that the Tolman 18 would be superior in terms of versatility, economy, and durability. The Sea Fox weighs more than twice what the 18 does and draws an additional 12" when loaded. It's not beachable. It consumes an estimated 30% more fuel.

I'd strongly recommend going to [FishyFish.com](http://FishyFish.com) for a wealth of owner/builder information and some excellent photographs. While I've come to admire Tolman skiffs, I don't regard them as being shining stars in the aesthetics department. Handsome, maybe. Truly eye-catching, decidedly not. Especially when considering the cabin models, it's a challenge to arrive at a combination that is not only user friendly but looks good. This is not necessarily a consideration if you're building one as a workboat, but probably should factor in if your primary focus is recreational. If you've gone boating with your family, you know whereof I speak.

To return to the book proper, the topics are developed sequentially. Skipping around will just confuse you. Rather than go the "blow by blow" route, I will state that all relevant material is well laid out and in logical order. As efficient building involves a lot of prefabricating and precoating, it's very important that proper sequence be adhered to. The very few areas in which the text might seem sketchy can be filled in by going to the author's website ([Tolman Alaska Skiffs](http://TolmanAlaskaSkiffs.com))

Time and space are critical issues in deciding whether or not it's feasible for you to build one of Renn's designs. Compared to what many of us have tackled, these are definitely big projects. The smallest model is estimated to take about 300 hours, the larger proportionally more. All exterior and interior surfaces are epoxy saturated and/or fiberglassed. In consequence, a dedicated shop area (minimum 16' x 24' for the Tolman 18) is required. Good ventilation and temperature control are musts.

Mr. Tolman states, and probably correctly, that it's more important to have solid woodworking experience with power tools

than to have prior boat building experience. That being said, I'd not wish to see a person take on a commitment of this size without having built at least one boat. The amount of glass work required on the Tolman skiffs is formidable. I'd pick out a small flat bottom skiff design (some fine choices are to be found in *WoodenBoat* magazine's "Getting Started in Boats" series) that would benefit from having the exterior of the hull sheathed and a watertight bulkhead under the foredeck. The builder would have a chance to get the "feel" of glassing a less daunting project and have something to show for it when done "practicing."

Where and how to store a boat off season is one of the bane of the boat lover's existence. He has some very practical, effective, and low cost storage suggestions. There's no doubt that proper storage is important in prolonging the life of your boat. Again, your real life options for seeing to this must be assessed before a commitment to build is made (eg, some subdivisions prohibit storage of watercraft on a homesite even if hidden from view, etc). This all needs to be checked out ahead of time to avoid nasty and expensive surprises.

All Tolman designs are adapted to trailering. Their relatively light weight and low profiles contribute to fuel efficient transport, providing they are fitted to the proper trailer matched with an appropriate vehicle. Select and order your trailer BEFORE the boat's finished! That way you'll get the proper match (most recreational boat damage is related directly or indirectly to poor trailer fit) and you won't be caught short on this obvious need when the boat's done and ready for launching.

Lastly, in a separate format, Renn has an offering that takes the economy issue a step further. The August 15, 2007, issue of *Messing About in Boats* features his article "A Boat From Yesterday for Tomorrow." He has spent considerable time and effort, along with his signature ingenuity, in adapting the Seabright skiff model to inboard (ie, diesel) power. The design has intriguing possibilities. Particulars for the Tolman Seabright, as he calls it, are available from the author for \$30 plus \$5 shipping and handling. Diesels have the advantage of being able to use bio-fuels and thus are an option worth considering if one wants to be able (literally) to afford to go boating in the coming decades. If you're interested, check out Tolman Alaska Skiffs on the net.

I hope you enjoy this thought provoking book as much as I have.



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## The Last Farewell

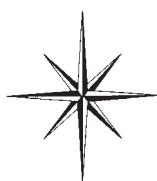
*The Loss of the Collett*

By Gary Collins  
Flanker Press Limited  
St Johns, Newfoundland, 2008, \$15.95  
Reviewed by Ron McIrvine

The time was June 1934. The place, the east coast of Newfoundland at Hare Bay. The *Ethel Collett*, a small coastal two-masted schooner of 67' length had been loaded with lumber, 1,000 board feet for every foot of length, all by hand. These were very hard times for the small settlements along the eastern coast of Newfoundland and the folks in Hare Bay were counting on the *Collett* to freight their lumber safely south to Conception Bay and exchange the lumber for much needed supplies. Cod fishing had been poor and this load of lumber, which had been cut over the previous winter and spring, was the only production from the small settlement.

The schooner made it to Spaniard's Bay, sold and unloaded the lumber, but at a lower price than hoped for, then headed for Harbour Grace to load rock ballast. After loading several tons of ballast and being delayed for a couple of days by a storm, they set sail for St John's to procure supplies for Hare Bay. Nightfall found them out of Conception Bay into the Atlantic and heading south along the coast to St John's, but the little schooner tragically never saw the light of the following day.

Although this is a very sad tale, it is told well. The story is written in the first person by Mr Collins so we get to know the members of the *Collett's* crew and also learn of some of Newfoundland's previous shipwrecks and historical moments as the voyage travels to its abrupt conclusion.

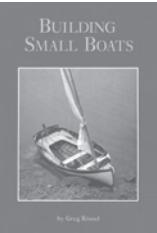


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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### 2008 John Gardner Small Craft Workshop Cancelled

As some of you already know, we have made the difficult decision to cancel the 2008 John Gardner Small Craft Workshop. I apologize for the short notice. In our current situation we are not in a position to hold the event this year. In the coming months we will be reviewing possibilities for the future of the event.

At the present time, there is a thread on the *WoodenBoat Forum* (<http://www.woodenboat.com/forum/showthread.php?t=78385>) with input from several individuals. Please follow and participate in that discussion or, if you would like to make suggestions directly, please email me at [Dana.Hewson@MysticSeaport.org](mailto:Dana.Hewson@MysticSeaport.org).

Dana Hewson, Vice President for Watercraft Preservation and Programs, Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT

**Editor Comments:** This notice was received too late to be included in the June issue.

### 21st Annual Metal Boat Festival

The Metal Boat Society, a Northwest-based educational organization of metal boat owners with worldwide membership, has announced it will hold the 21<sup>st</sup> Annual Metal Boat Festival in Bellingham, Washington, August 22–24. The festival features a full schedule of seminars, workshops, and panel discussions on topics of interest to metal boat builders and owners will be featured, including a women's forum.

Attendance is open to members and non-members of MBS alike. Attendees who arrive by boat are being offered free moorage for the duration of the festival, subject to available slip space with early registrants receiving priority. Slip reservations may be made by contacting Tom Purdy, Dockmaster, at (360) 733-3415 or by email at [tpurdy@mail.com](mailto:tpurdy@mail.com).

Registration for the festival can be done online at the MBS Ship's Store or by contacting the membership office at (360) 695-4100. The MBS website has links to the online store, the website also has a printable reservation form for those who prefer not to send information electronically.

For more information contact Candy Larreau, festival chairperson at (425) 770-0785 or the membership office or visit the MBS website [www.metalboatsociety.org](http://www.metalboatsociety.org).

### Community Boat Shop Dedication and Grand Opening

The East End Classic Boat Society (EECBS), founded in the late 1990s on eastern Long Island in New York State, is planning a dedication and grand opening of their new community boat shop on Saturday, August 16. Numerous classic boats will be on display to enhance the celebration.

The society is an educational organization dedicated to sustaining the skills and traditions of wooden boat building and restoration. With the new community boat shop the EECBS will conduct year-round programs on small boat design, building, and restoration. There will also be lessons in navigation, lofting, sailor arts, boat repair,

and maintenance. Programs will be created for both youth and adults.

Ray Hartjen, President, EECBS, (631) 324-2490, [rhartjen@hamptons.com](mailto:rhartjen@hamptons.com).



### Coast Guard Took Offense

Our Third Great Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival went off pretty well mid-April (*see full report in this issue—ED*). We had about 75-80 people registered and 50 boats. I ran the race again and the Coast Guard took great offense and told me we were impeding navigation. The course crossed the inland waterway to get to clear water. I thought they were going to board us at first, guns and all, but I was able to suppress my initial feelings and we ultimately parted on friendly terms. I told them Roger (Allen) was in charge as Museum Director. He called and quieted them down. They almost swamped two boats with their zooming back and forth with no regard for their wake.

Turner Matthews, Bradenton, FL

## Adventures & Experiences...

### Inch by Inch Tour

In early May I will be on my way on what I call the Inch by Inch Tour of the Delaware River and Bay—Bordentown, New Jersey, to Rehoboth Beach, Delaware. For me it will be a completion of sorts of my tour of the Delaware River from Balls Eddy, Pennsylvania, to Roebling, New Jersey, that I completed in 1991. This upcoming trip should be interesting as campgrounds on the lower river and bay are nonexistent so unobtrusive camping will be the order of the day.

Last September I attempted this trip with my Old Town Pathfinder canoe but the big water, big currents, large tug wakes, and even larger waves from long fetches scared me silly and after close to 50-60 miles I turned tail at Chester Island and headed back north. Since then I have purchased a fiberglass 16' sea kayak, drysuit, and related gear and learned the intricacies of paddling in a 21' beam kayak. This, too, was at first unnerving but I now believe in the safety of a good sea kayak with watertight hatches and bulkheads as the best way to travel (using, of course, a good, clear head on my shoulders and a good eye and ear on the weather and the weather radio).

I love the stories by Reinhard Zollitsch on his latest expeditions and look forward to reading of his next one. His trip on the St Lawrence River and the incidents of vandalism he encountered brought to mind several letters in recent issues of *Passagemaker* magazine regarding trawler couples experiencing

vandalism of their boats in Quebec. It seems to be an ongoing problem there, a problem I suppose that is becoming more prevalent as our society gets less and less friendly and more harder and meaner.

If my trip is a success maybe I'll try to put it into words for your readers. If it's not a success we'll just pretend it just never happened! Your magazine is the only one out there that puts into reality the adventures we all experience out there. Ratty, Mole, and their author would be most proud!

Michael J. Notigan, Bordentown, NJ

### More Stories to Add

In your October 15, 2007 issue you had an article, "Two Boats and a Shark," by J.J. Bohnaker about his adventures sailing on the Rursee in Germany. Having lived in Cologne from 1957 to 1963 and having sailed on that lake for many years, I have a lot more stories to add. It will take me a bit of time but the stories involve:

Huge differences in lake levels due to rainfall.

Movable docks our Yacht Club built to accommodate the water level differences.

Building a marine railway at low water and having to finish it as the lake level rose, inundating our efforts.

Sailing on a lake with steep hillsides that wound snake-like through the area causing shifting winds and williwaws.

A German bunker I considered buying as a foundation for a weekend house.

One year as the lake level fell to its lowest point in years, authorities decided to lower it still further to be able to clean the flow control channels at the base of the dam. As the water level fell still lower they found a fully loaded (with bombs) Lancaster bomber from WWII that must have been trying to bomb the dam. It was removed by the German Air Force and its history was traced via engine and airframe serial numbers.

At the bottom of the lake had been a village that was flooded as the waters rose behind the newly-built dam. I lost a sailboat race when I was in the lead in a drifting match and heading to the finish line when I ran "aground" with my centerboard on the roof of one of the submerged houses. That grounding lifted my centerboard and brought the boat to a dead stop, the pursuers caught up and passed me. C'est la vie! How to loose a race!

Conbert H. Benneck, Glastonbury, CT

### Tippy Kayak

Oh you, nasty tippy kayak  
Respect for your handler you lack  
Plunging me into the black  
Now I fear I will never swim back  
From rapid to eddy to pool  
All down the river you play me for fool  
Now from head to toe I'm wet  
And you'll do it again, I can just bet  
But you just wait and see  
I'll dump you off at NOC  
Sell you off real dirt cheap  
To some dirty pimply creep  
Hope he stores you out in the sun  
Till you're faded and done  
Some day they'll find you covered in kudzoo,

Stephen Hudson, Abingdon, VA

### Superior Quality Cleats

I recently received a box of wooden cleats ordered from Winters Brothers. A real delight, the cleats came packaged in a home-made cloth bag, superior quality throughout. Nice to receive something better made than you expect. They also make fairleads and smaller cleats than pictured in their ad.

When I called in my order they told me a little history, local wood from downed trees, aged a couple of years, then worked and packaged with care and sent priority mail.

Jim Ballou, Portland, OR



### The Love of Boats is Still in Us

MAIB has turned into a beautiful publication, you have brought maturity and interest into the lives of us home builders and used-to-be-boat builders. There are some of us now too creaky and stove-up to slap glue, drive screws, and put out the effort to get another boat afloat anymore. The love of boats is still in us but we don't have enough time left to us to put another one together, and if we acquire another we have to bargain for it. Not very satisfying for a dyed-in-the-wool builder but it does give us something to float around on.

Rags Ragsdale, Tucson, AZ

### SeaPearling off Cape Lookout

Enclosed is my renewal and a photo of me enjoying my SeaPearl, *Strider*, off Cape Lookout.

K.G. McIntosh, Cleveland, GA



### Glasshouse Chebacco

There seems to be no shortage of sailors with varied levels of disabilities when it comes to day sailing and racing, it's just the cruisers, especially the ones in small boats, who are below the radar. But I've got a couple of leads now on where to look for them. It'll be interesting to see who turns up.

The photo shows what my glasshouse Chebacco is going to look like. The one in this

photo was built by Bob Cushing who lives in upstate New York. He built it to try out sailing, coming from his big background in powerboats. After five or six excursions under sail he decided that he really does prefer powerboats and he took that sailboat in the picture and turned it into a tugboat! So now I have all the parts that involved sailing that he took off the boat, lead keel, sailboat-sized rudder, and all the spars and sails, and some folks down in Rhode Island are building a hull to go with those parts. The finished boat will be about 20' long and lightweight enough to be a very reasonable trailering job.

In the meantime, I'm hoping to be back out in the Peep Hen by the time this is printed. One of the crew from last year is interested in valiantly going forth again, for several weeks no less! So with great good luck all the details will work out and perhaps we'll have another installment for you at the end of the summer.

Shemaya Laurel, CT



### Information of Interest...

#### Handsaw Tabs and Skinny Outhouses

About the tabs on the ends of old handsaws, here is information from my book that solves this mystery:

"I, and many others, have wondered about the purpose of this tab for a number of years. Credit for solving the mystery goes to Edward Zanni of Reading, Massachusetts, who has a collection of over 20 Dissiton handsaws. Zanni says, 'The tab was left sticking up perhaps an inch or so by the sawmaker when he made the saw and was used to test the saw's temper during the sawmaking process. It was later broken off and the distance the tab broke off from the blade told the sawmaker how much or how little temper the blade had.'"

Also, here's part of my letter to Peter Spectre of *Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors*, which tells of the fate of that "skinny old outhouse out on the point" featured in Amy's story, "Metinic on My Mind," published in that magazine's issue #81 and in your May issue:

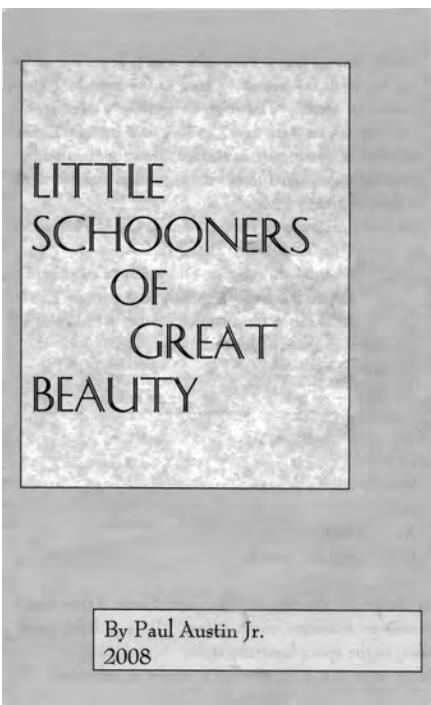
"The passage of time or some other unknown cause recently did what no storm was able to do before, during, or since the Hurricane of 1938. It finally leveled the tall and skinny outhouse that stood so proudly all those years on the northern end of Metinic. I'm sure its demise would have saddened the outhouse's unknown builder who put so much of himself into the construction, including thoughtfully providing a door that swung inward. Apparently caught up in the beauty of his creation, he was moved to poetry and inscribed the following on the inside wall of his pride and joy:

"This little house is all I own  
I aim to keep it neat.  
Please be kind with your behind  
And don't s\*\*t on the seat."  
Dynamite Payson, S. Thomaston, ME

### Little Schooners of Great Beauty

Enclosed is a copy of a little pamphlet I have just published. It features details of four schooners designed by Gavin Atkin, Selway Fisher, Phil Bolger, and John Atkin, ranging from 15' to 23'. I offer it free to subscribers to my newsletter, *Under Ten Feet*, and to non-subscribers for \$10.

Paul Austin Jr, *Under Ten Feet*, Box 166916, Irving, TX 75016, utf21@att.net



By Paul Austin Jr.  
2008

### Information Wanted...

#### Looking for a Lifting Rudder

I'm looking for information on a lifting rudder for sailboats, not a pivoting beaching rudder but one that lifts straight up, more like a daggerboard. I'm thinking that this configuration could be more useful for gunkholing and shoal cruising. My boat is a Holder 20, which happens to have a lifting bulb keel. Drew Langsner, [langsner@countryworkshops.org](mailto:langsner@countryworkshops.org)

### Opinions...

#### Bolger Got It Wrong

It's hard to know how to respond to the diatribe "Ca Yuco Cargo 15" by Phil Bolger & Friends which appeared in the February issue. Bolger's screed was colorful in its depiction of events that took place more than four years ago, but it was so long on fabrications, errors, and obsessive fantasy that it hardly bears comment at all.

What compels me to respond is the slanderous nature of his remarks and the fact that they impugn the significant contributions of respected colleagues.

The boat that Phil Bolger & Friends presented to GreenWood is a provocative variation on previous designs that Mr Bolger developed for other clients. It is surely worthy of consideration for other applications, but it was not the boat GreenWood was looking for. In fact, I invited Mr Bolger to lend his expertise to an ongoing conversation between GreenWood and our consulting colleagues about the design of a relatively small wooden riverboat that might be built in an isolated forest community in Honduras.

Three of our fundamental goals were to: a) design a simple boat that could be built and repaired by inexperienced artisans; b) employ local materials in its construction to the greatest extent possible; and c) satisfy the need to haul a variety of local cargo from people to lumber and bananas. We were essentially looking for the equivalent of an aquatic pick-up truck. I did not ask Mr Bolger to design any boat at all. I certainly never asked him to develop his own criteria or rationale for the project, which is precisely what he did.

I respect and appreciate his apparent enthusiasm, but in the process GreenWood's simple objectives were transformed by Mr Bolger and friends into an elaborate vision for a 50' vessel with copper sheathing and fastenings, capable of hauling upwards of seven tons of cargo, including whole logs, cattle and, yes, even a pickup truck. Unfamiliar with the client community in Honduras, Mr. Bolger and friends nonetheless imagined a host of proposed services their boat might provide, from a floating regional medical clinic to a traveling district court and a coastal liner service.

GreenWood went on to conduct two boat building workshops in Copen, Honduras, under the direction of Wade Smith, who at the time was the supervisor of the John Gardner Boatshop at Mystic Seaport Museum. (Mystic also contributed considerable resources in the construction of a prototype at the museum in Connecticut.) Wade's students built five boats in two basic designs, ranging from about 16' to about 30' in length. There remains enormous potential and a lot of work to be done in the promotion of these boats throughout the region, but the seed has been planted.

According to German Oliva, president of the local sawyer's collective, the GreenWood boat building workshop was "the best we ever had. I never saw so much enthusiasm. The number of participants actually grew as the days passed, the opposite of what usually happens... What I liked most was the timber economy. In the old way, using one big tree, we could make only one (dugout) pipante or cayuco. Now, with that same tree, we can make a dozen or more."

There are at least two sides to every story and, heaven knows, the development world is fertile ground for philosophical, strategic, and tactical mistakes. But there is nothing to be gained by demeaning the motives of folks with whom you disagree. I am sorry if Mr Bolger or his friends believe that the intrinsic genius of their proposal should have led to its adoption or that they should have been granted management of the project. I hope they can find another, more appropriate home for their design. In the future, I recommend that *Messing About in Boats* do its readers the courtesy of checking the facts when the magazine is next confronted with a story that has such an obvious axe to grind that even its authors advise serious readers to "skip the last few ranting paragraphs."

Scott Landis, President, GreenWood, South Berwick, ME

**Editor Comments:** We saw no "obvious axe to grind" in the Bolger's report. Obviously Scott disagrees so we publish here his version of what transpired. Nor did we find anything slanderous in the article, critical opinions yes, but no slander. Slander is defined as: "the utterance of false charges or misrepresentations which defame and damage another's reputation." The report included the Bolger's perceptions of how their participation was received and their subjective opinions about the merits of alternative approaches. Finding fault with others' ways, ideas, or actions is not slanderous.

### Chart Brought Perspective

Enjoyed "Sailing with Mother" in the April issue for a number of reasons, including it being an honest presentation of a less than wise odyssey of the sort that most, if not all, of us have taken on occasion. The item that raised the article above many others was the inclusion of a nicely drawn simple chart that put all the pieces into clear perspective. So often articles have only word descriptions of location, geography, and geometry that leave those of us who do not know that particular place relatively clueless. Hopefully future writers will hand us the chart.

John Mullen, Dallas, TX

### It's About Control, Not Safety

That was a great article in the February issue with pictures of you and Charlie out there doing stuff. Charlie puts me to shame with his active life. Here I am without any disability (except perhaps being mentally challenged because of the my inability to get off dead center!) and while I'm busy enough, I could be completing two Bolger boats for which I have built all the other parts (ruders, frames, leeboards, stems, transoms, mast steps, etc, etc) all except the main hulls. Still, what I've done so far was therapeutic so I guess that counts in a way. Surely they trump some "honey do" projects.

I've got a little plastic kayak that is going to get used in between building boat parts. I swear it is, no more excuses. It'll be a Charlie and Bob level type outing, nice quiet waters (heck, I'm 65 now, dinking around should be my goal, well, maybe getting out there should be my goal). I'm not out there to prove anything, thanks for spurring me on.

I also appreciate your concern over the increasing "safety" measures being proposed to be imposed upon the boating public. These have more to do with control than with safety but are being imposed under the guise of safety. I know about this, I enforced these kinds of laws for 31 years and I'm so glad I'm out of that. We older hands often questioned the powers that be about new laws proposed over the years, questioning which was not appreciated, let me tell you. "Hey Chief, is this a revenue issue or a real safety issue?" Of course, they were always justified as being safety issues. We countered by challenging them to educate the public to being responsible for its own safety and pointed out that the state cannot foresee every situation and introduce ever more regulations.

Requirement for use of PFDs while boating, which is ever growing, failed to

take into account that most drownings here in Texas are NOT boating related, they occur in creeks and streams to swimmers as well as in swimming pools. Turns out that our boaters are quite safety minded after all, amazing! But that didn't matter, it's a question of the nanny state's concern for everyone's safety. "We're from the Gub'mint and we're here to hep you" Astonishingly enough to me there are those among us pleasure boaters who don't seem to mind each and every new restrictive regulation that comes down the pike, I never could understand that mentality, the nodding head bunch.

Despite all this regulatory effort, accidents still happen? Why yes, and they always will. How much longer will we be able to slide a boat off a shoreline before regulations make the enjoyment of our sport impossible?

Ron Bennett, Comfort, TX

### Get Your Street Sweeper Shotguns Ready

Enclosed is a news clipping from the Associated Press, "Feds Want Boaters to Thwart Terrorism." In it, along with continuing calls for requiring personal IDs for all boaters, it is urged that small boaters look for and report suspicious behavior on the water. Great idea, we can all carry "Street Sweeper" shotguns.

Hal Jillson, Englewood, FL

**Editor Comments:** The copyrighted clipping pursues the now tiresome insistence by "authorities" that in order to control the threat of terrorist action using small boats, all small boat owners need to be issued IDs. Presumably the terrorist dudes could then be caught when they apply for their IDs or, if they don't apply, when they are stopped by marine cops to have their IDs checked. I ranted on about this in the May issue "Commentary" so won't get going again on the inherent stupidity in the belief that paperwork will deter determined terrorists.

## Projects...

### Update on Dreamcatcher

Here is another update on *Dreamcatcher*. I have the rudder and bowsprit built. The cabin is on and hatch cover done. The toe rails are made and waiting to be installed this weekend, as are the rub rails. I plan to get the lumber for the mast and boom this weekend also. I have a used trailer being picked up this weekend, too, if time allows. Got it from a local marina. Was left abandoned. Needs some work but I can get the little skipjack out of the shop with it and get the billet back on. All the hardware is made and or on the way.

In that regard luck was with me. I contacted Stuart Hopkins of Dabbler Sails to make *Dreamcatcher*'s new sail. He told me he had an old '50s sail from an old workboat that was 100% cotton and in perfect shape except for some stain and discoloration from age. I thought cotton would be perfect, in keeping with the times and with "antiquing." So he will be cutting the sails and they will be done about mid-July.

I ordered deadeyes from Pert Lowell and they should be here any day now, and I have some hoops from them that I've had for a while. If they fit I'm in good shape, if not I'll be getting the hoops from them, too. And I or-

dered some cleats from the Winters Brothers in Michigan. They looked so good I ordered some fairleads from them, too. They do very nice work and the prices are very reasonable.

So as I write this one week before the Memorial Day weekend, *Dreamcatcher* should be on a trailer in the yard and close to the rigging stage. I'm hoping for a late July, but more likely mid-August, launch. It really is beginning to feel like it is going to happen. I was way too optimistic and hopeful in the past but it is going to happen this summer, I believe.

I did get Shameless Donagan involved. He got quite manic and began assembling with a flurry and fury. He's calling it a "work boat" finish with a bit of "antiquing" to add to that "hard work'n" look. Well, it's just lots of dings, dents, scratches, paint spills, etc. "No fancy yachts here," says he.

I can finally see the light at the end of the tunnel while still fearfully aware of Murphy's Law. But everything seems to be lining up correctly and timely. The stars may be aligning. I'm still looking over my shoulder but I think this is the season. The photo was taken in early May. There is even more completed and things will move along rapidly once I can get her out of the shop and begin the rigging. I have Donagan on that, too. Says he found a quicker way to make the mast and boom. That's the news for now. Happy sails!

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

PS: Antiquing is the art of scratching up painted hulls, making joints appear as though they no longer fit properly, scrape, and/or dent otherwise smooth surfaces to make them appear as if they are from years gone by, and spill solvents or glue to aforementioned surfaces. This can be done intentionally or accidentally, the result is the same.



## This Magazine...

### Only Read for Working Folks

*MAIB* is still the only general boating mag read for working folks. \$100,000 boats are not affordable to working class people no matter what the glossies say.

Bob Slimak, Duluth, MN

### Right on the Mark

I received, just minutes before writing this note, my second "new format" issue of *MAIB* and, although I'm on the clock, I've read the "You write to us about..." pages. Bill Hamilton of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, is right on the mark about your efforts to bring us news and entertainment and I, like Bill, look forward to and appreciate every issue and especially the new format.

After several years of subscribing to *MAIB* I dropped it because each semi-monthly issue was getting filed (on arrival) under "look at later" and about the same time that "later" came around I had another issue to file. But I missed *MAIB* and the monthly format has me subscribing again.

Nate Carey, Grantham, NH

### Fraternal Organization of *MAIB*

I had an interesting thing happen at my mailbox recently. In it I found two copies of *MAIB*. One was addressed to me and one addressed to a fellow who lives 11 miles away. I could not find his number in the phone book so decided to deliver it in person. One hour drive, 22 miles round trip, and the deed was done.

I was afraid to put it back in the mail as I was not sure they would deliver it. Knowing how I value my copy, I decided not to take this chance.

Gene Galipeau, Stanwood, WA

## REPAIR

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Once again the Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival, for the third straight year, was a great success. Held this year at Cortez, Florida, near the local Maritime Museum from Friday, April 18 until Sunday, April 20, exhibitors from all over the US came to revel in the Florida west coast sunshine and sparkling shallow waters.

One is truly in small craft heaven when wading in ankle deep water out to an anchored Melonseed, SeaPearl, Spritsail Sharpie, or Bahamian Dinghy and sailing out toward Longboat Key Pass with 10 or 12 like-minded sailors in their craft all around.

Bob Wood and I drove down on Saturday to spectate and take photos this year, but I'm going to try to get more involved in 2009! The first person I met when I arrived at the festival this year was no other than Jim Thayer who was exhibiting for sale one of his lovely A Duckahs. This one was decked over and had seen some use but was otherwise in great shape. Steve Axon was also there, returning from his Bahama sojourn over the winter. His cruising sloop has been stored for the summer in Florida and he was on his way back to Idaho to enjoy the warm weather there. As Steve is an old SeaPearler, we hit it off right away.

The ancient racing powerboat *Empty Pockets* that Robb White so admired at the Appalachicola Classic Boat show a few years ago was right down the way, separated from Jim's boat by a gaggle of rowing shells and kayaks with gleaming mahogany brightwork. I asked the owner when he was going to start up the old WWI aircraft engine aboard her. He obliged shortly thereafter to the delight of the crowd.

## Great Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival

### Cortez, Florida

By Ron Hoddinott

I was delighted to see so many of our West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron members participating again this year. Dave Bybee from Wisconsin was docked along the finger pier with his *Papa's Boat*, a SeaPearl Tri. Steve Kingerly was there with his Rushton Princess sailing canoe. Roger Allen, the curator of the museum, had a similar Rushton Princess sailing canoe for sale by the launching ramp! I was very tempted but I had just ordered some new sails for *Whisper*, my SeaPearl 21, so I had to pass on that purchase. Richard Anderson was there with his SeaPearl, *SeaNile*. Michael Burwell was there with a Kevlar Adirondack Pack boat with which he proceeded to win the rowing race! Steve Tonnesen brought his BayHen, *Turtle Grass*, Curt Bowman was anchored out in *Annie*, his newly built wooden Drascombe Coaster, and Bill Whalen was sailing his 1917 Old Town canoe. There were probably other Squadron members there whom I've forgotten to mention or didn't see.

An 11am paddling race was followed by an 11:30am rowing race which was won for the second year in a row by Michael Burwell with his swift Adirondack Pack Boat. The sailing race was scheduled for 1pm and the anticipation for that race was building. I was curious how the 20' enlarged Cortez Melonseed would fare against the swift and ubiquitous SeaPearls in the race.

The antique speedboats on their trailers with their gleaming polished topsides and varnished mahogany decks, the works of art pretending to be kayaks and canoes, and the enlarged Melonseeds of 15' and 20' really stole the show for many of us. The Cortez Melonseeds are built by dedicated wooden boat builders, who you can hardly call amateurs, under the stewardship of David Lucas right there at Cortez. David tells me that these guys like to build them more than sail them!

And sure enough, they were anchored in shallow water for all the participants to try out. When the afternoon race was announced on Saturday, however, their owners all showed up to skipper them proudly around the impromptu race course. I was lucky enough to run into Allen Horton who invited me to go aboard his beautiful power launch to take photos of the race. I could have gone aboard one of the SeaPearls in the race but wasn't feeling that great, so it was nice to be aboard a very stable platform for shooting photos. Thanks, Allen!

The race committee was headed up by Turner Matthews who was using his lovely power launch as the committee boat. The fact that Turner set a course that crossed the Intracoastal Waterway twice seemed to cause much consternation to the local Coast Guard in their RIB with flashing blue lights and sirens! At first I thought they were just shepherding the powerboats away from the racing sailboats crossing the Intracoastal right by the Cortez bridge, but later saw them go over to the anchored committee boat and have a stern discussion with the committee about "impeding navigation." And here I thought they were just racing!



The 20' Melonseed *Tricia Marie*.

In the spirit!



Sharpie.

120 years of sailing on the Gulf Coast.



The sailing race known as "The Mullet Cup" was won for the second year by a SeaPearl 21 well sailed by Kent and Barbara Bleakley. They led from start to finish and pulled away from the fleet the entire race. The 20' Melonseed probably won the Melonseed Class although I didn't stay long enough to see the final results. She sailed sedately around the course winning friends and admirers with her crew enjoying the enlarged version's much more comfortable seating!

The festivities went on into the evening with Charlie Morgan, noted west Florida yacht designer, being the featured guest speaker, with a festive dinner on the grounds of the Cortez Maritime Museum that was included in the registration price. There was some camping on the grounds and Sunday featured a "two-point-five" day messabout cruise for gunkholers. This festival is growing every year and is a very laid back affair. If you enjoy this kind of event, consider coming to Florida in mid-April next year and stay through the Cedar Key Small Boat Meet the first weekend in May. It's an even less structured messabout!

#### Awards

People's Choice "Best in Show": 20' stretched Melonseed, Howard Heimbrock, Nokomis

The Lee Hickok Award for Traditional Design and Traditional Construction: The Cuban Refugee Boat *Esperanza*, Florida Maritime Museum, Cortez

The George Luzier Award for Traditional Design and Contemporary Construction: Drascombe Coaster, Kurt Bowman, St Augustine

The Mac MacCarthy Award for Paddle and Rowing Craft: Swiss Single, Urs Wunderli, Long Boat Key

The Chips Shore Award for Restorations: Seabright Skiff Surfboat, Lu Rendemonte, Sarasota

The Jim Alderman Award for Contemporary Boats: Lugged rigged camp cruiser *Feeley*, Stan Terryll, Bradenton

#### Racing

The Great "Mullet Cup": Sea Pearl, Kent Bleakely, Tarpon Springs. The

The 16-19' "Mullet Cup" Class: Norse Boat, Gene Sweeney

The 15' "Mullet Cup" Class: Melonseed Miss Kate, Bill Doll San Francisco

The "Way Out Island" Regatta: *Abaco Girl*, Peter Kreissle, owned by the Florida Maritime Museum, Cortez

The Paddling Race: Chesapeake Light Craft Kayak, George Krewson

The Rowing Race: Adirondack Guideboat *Mrs. Chippy*, Mike Burwell

Kent and Barbara Bleakley's winning Sea Pearl.



The start.



Racing.

Norseboats finishing.





Dennis Bradley's *Egret*.



Bay Hen.



Abaco dinghy.



Cortez Melonseeds.



Arch Davis Penobscot 17.



Curt Bowman's wooden Drascombe Coaster.

Speedboat.



Circumnavigator Hal Roth said, "The big secret to world travel is to do it in a sailing yacht." Having neither a yacht nor a passport but much in agreement nevertheless, on the last Thursday of March I embarked in a sharpie sailboat on a tour from St Marks National Wildlife Refuge (south of Tallahassee) down to the Chassahowitzka National Wildlife Refuge (south of Crystal River). Though not so much a tourist area, the inside curve of Florida has its own sublime beauty and is well suited to shoal draft vessels. I spent the latter half of 2007 building a completely different sort of boat and with accepting the reality that my sharpie sailing days are numbered, I felt drawn to the shallowest, wind-swept, rock-strewn cruising ground that I could think of, one last time.

An easterly was blowing so I had a friend help trailer the boat east a ways to a little town called Keaton Beach. With no substantial blackwater (tannin-dark) creeks or rivers within about 15 miles, the water is often clear there and the anchorages nearby are some of the best. The boat ramp is situated at the end of a long canal and I hoped to row out of it during the noon calm expected, but instead was set to work immediately pulling against an afternoon sea breeze. It felt good to stretch out, though, and I laced on the mainsail in a shallow basin at the end.

My first time rowing down that canal was on Independence Day weekend several years ago, which falls right about the beginning of scallop season. Scallops are a blue-eyed, bivalve mollusk that swims, captured by means of snorkeling over grass beds in shallow water, akin to a maritime Easter egg hunt. I thought it unusual to hear many wet/dry type "ShopVacs" running along the way (at least ten or so) and asked someone at the boat ramp about it. After a scallop is opened a vacuum cleaner is used to separate the nonedible part from the prized adductor muscle. That is pretty weird.

The second day was much the same; morning land breeze, noon calm, afternoon sea breeze. Typical high pressure weather. By the third day I had made it down to Cedar Key and on the fourth the barometer was falling and then real sailing began, leaving from Seahorse Key at dawn and close-reaching in a stiff breeze from the north-northeast across the Gulf down to Crystal River. The seascape and sky were somberly magnificent but not stable. Squalls far upwind at daybreak began

## Last Sharpie Cruise

By Walt Donaldson

to march into flanking positions. The challenge was to keep enough east in the course without water coming aboard so as to still hit some Florida before going too far south. Trying to point high was to invite unwanted green into the boat.

I breathed a sigh of relief when Crystal River's sea buoy nicked the horizon and soon escaped into shallow water near the St Martins Keys. I had never seen them up close and was astonished to find them mangrove islands this far north. I didn't positively identify them as such but that is sure how they looked. In fact, the whole area seemed much like the Ten Thousand Islands in the Everglades. I should mention, however, that looming over this natural beauty is a nuke plant. It had kept me from exploring the area all these years but finally I decided, hell, I wasn't going to live there, just visit one time.

After an inexplicable short calm in hot sunshine the wind began roaring out of the northeast a near gale and I was thankful not to be still offshore. I crept into the lee of the southernmost St Martin and, after several unsuccessful attempts, was able to get anchors to hold. It is common along this coast to hook onto either a loose limestone rock or a sponge, neither is very satisfactory. Cold, gray clouds came in. Several exhausted songbirds stopped by, apparently blown out to sea. It was forecast to lie down a bit the next day and at mid-morning I took advantage of a very favorable tide to investigate the estuary of Homosassa River. It was a Monday but quite a few fishing boats were out. These and other navigational obstacles increased steadily inshore so I eventually turned back where the river goes inland. Good times.

In the afternoon I sailed down to the Chassahowitzka National Wildlife Refuge to go snorkeling in a place on the chart with a hole of deeper water and some rocks. I picked a pretty spot and went over with mask and fins to "dive in" the anchors, Bahamas style. One of them was lying alongside a duplicate anchor of the same size and brand! I swam back to the boat with it and stashed it in the forepeak. Indeed, life is stranger than fiction.



Free anchor.

The following day's light dawn breeze was southerly so I turned back to the north. Around 8am I dove on the Homosassa entrance marker, which sits on a rock. A resident school of fish with black-and-white bars shimmered wonderfully in the morning sunlight. I found a good fishing rod and tried out the reel right there on the bottom. It was still in fine shape but I left it, having already gotten a free anchor.

Next I went out to a wreck that sits in shallow water but the fishing boats knew all about that place. It was tough to get there in the fainting land breeze. The sea breeze finally arrived and I tried an artificial reef about six miles away but couldn't find it. Having fun is hard work sometimes. The wind got just right about then so I concentrated on sailing during the afternoon.

The entrances to the Florida Power Canal, the Crystal River channel, the Cross Florida Barge Canal, and the Withlacoochee River all lie close together and the dredging operations that have gone on for many years have deposited boulders and rubble in long, thin banks. They are visible in satellite imagery, very unnatural. I have always given the entire complex a wide berth but this time, as it was high tide exactly, I picked a line with binoculars and sailed straight through. Feeling pleased with saving the long detour, I remained close-hauled on one tack the rest of the day and ended up in Waccasassa Bay, about eight miles east of Cedar Key.

The town of Cedar Key has the best grocery store accessible on foot from the water of anywhere that readily comes to mind, and certainly of anywhere in this region. The wind was very light and I rowed for an hour

Heading out.



Reading time in the calm between land breeze and sea breeze.





Just right.

just for the exercise, making it to town at noon. For a change I tried anchoring at the City Park and found it just about as sketchy as all the other landing spots around town due to mud, oyster shell, underwater obstacles, and such. But once standing on the dry sand everything was fine. I trolled down the main drag, made some calls, and stopped in a café for iced coffee. The trip to the grocery store was easy and productive.

The ebb was setting strong against a sea breeze when I left at 3pm, making it easy to tack out of the Northwest Channel, the one that leads to points north. It was pretty rough at the entrance so I set a course for another channel that runs into the Suwannee Sound, a stretch of coast north of Cedar Key protected by offshore reefs. Once I was behind the reefs the rough chop subsided but the wind was at odds. I was nowhere near a good anchorage and did not find a place until full dark. I was a bit leery of the spot as it had a lee shore not too far away (concerned about mosquitoes) and also it was right in the middle of Airboat City.

If the reader will permit a small venting about airboats, here goes. Sounds of nature are not, contrary to reasonable conjecture, the primary component of aural experience when visiting the coastline hereabout. Often an airboat operator has taken it upon himself to control that aspect. I find it difficult to imagine a more inappropriate activity for a natural area. Simply put, they are too unreasonably loud to occupy a shared space. Ask anyone who was at Cedar Key for the annual May gathering in 2006. In the best sharpie environs of shallow flats and estuary sailing, it is likely that at least one will be audible in fine weather, easily heard even when out of sight over the horizon.

Due to a rising wave of protest against them, a few years ago airboats began muffling their engines which reduced one component of the noise, but it is the propeller noise causing the problem. L. Francis Herreshoff said, "When you come to think of it, the only kind of freedom worth having is the freedom to do the right thing." Being free to operate a polluting machine that shatters the peace of every sentient being in a ten-mile radius, that's like being free to litter.

In spite of my foreboding the night was quiet and at dawn the silence was nearly complete, just a few ripples gently lapping the hull. I enjoyed this peace very much and



Thirty knots of wind in less than one foot of water.

was complacent (enough) when the first airboat cranked up at sunrise. It was pretty far away to the south so I wafted north to explore the exceedingly interesting shoals in the vicinity of Suwannee River's southern navigation channel. Now these are good sharpie waters; swift currents, a maze of reefs, and wide open. In light air it is possible to work through the maze, sounding with a stick, to find uncharted channels, anchorages, and places to walk around on a shell bank. None of the reefs were above water at this time but the spring tide tumbling in showed clearly the ones shallow enough to ground upon.

I slowly stemmed the tide and then turned north again at the entrance, sailing on a run in a decent wind to one of my favorite places on earth, Big Pine Island. Though neither big, nor all that piney, nor in fact even an island except possibly during certain high tides, let us not quibble. It does have a white sand beach, shade trees, and a bayou around back. Soon after anchoring an airboat came unnecessarily close, and I mean absurdly close, provoking the perhaps inevitable confrontation. That sort of thing is never completely satisfying though, at least in my experience. Oh, how I yearn for a bazooka at times.

After a walk I settled down and read for a while in the shade. The palm fronds were tossing about restlessly as if to say what they always say. It took a couple of tacks to clear the shallows around Horseshoe Beach, a bit of a headland in relation to Big Pine Island with an onshore sea breeze, but then the rest of the afternoon was the most mellow sail imaginable, with the tiller tied off and flat clear water. Steering was accomplished by shifting my weight. The tide had gone out and at day's end the sun and wind expired gracefully in unison. In the calm at dusk I enjoyed a warm shower on deck and put on clean clothes, relegating the filthy ones to the hazardous waste containment area, or forepeak. A light southerly sprang up soon thereafter, auguring well for the morn.

The light southerly began building toward daylight, which in the present season and locale often indicates a blow. I got underway at sunrise and was surprised to see several small fishing boats running south, meaning that they had just crossed a bay of deeper water called Deadman's Bay, probably from at least as far as Steinhatchee, about 18 miles. It must have been a rough ride. Anyway, as the morning progressed the fishing boats be-

came fewer and larger, and by the time I arrived at the entrance to Steinhatchee it was blowing a stinker. My best Tula palm straw hat chose this moment to imitate a flying saucer, which triggered an utterance of terrible oaths. I came about and by some miracle or intervention spotted it on the second tack, rising on the back of a large wave.

Soon thereafter I ran out of deep water back onto the friendly flats again and, as the wind was still building, tucked in behind a wooded point in very shallow water, only two feet or so at the peak of high tide. I set two anchors with a scope of about 70 to 1 and hunkered down to watch the weather. It was gusting over 30 knots at sunset with showers and thunderstorms predicted for the following afternoon. I turned in early so as to be rested in case it got any worse. As it turned out the wind direction and weather forecast did not change overnight.

The western sky and attendant weather clues were obscured by fog the next morning, giving rise to a touch of restlessness. Home lay about 45 miles across open water and a reaching breeze of 15 knots was blowing steadily, an ideal situation if it held together long enough to make the crossing. A tiny but secure conviction finally took hold and I pulled up the anchors. Having learned something on the similar crossing from Cedar Key to Crystal River earlier, I edged upwind of the rhumb line in order to put some weather gage "in the bank." At mid-morning I heaved to for a cup of tea and the GPS read 22 miles to go. I also noticed that the day was growing darker instead of lighter.

Carrying on, the breeze freshened and began to veer. Thankful for my upwind position, I turned directly for St Marks River, bringing the wind aft of the beam. In such winds and deteriorating weather a good sharpie sailboat will save your bacon. About ten miles out I came off the wind even more so as to run onto the flats well clear of the river, which can have dangerous standing waves at a certain tide. On this heading the boat began to surf, as it does so well, and all I had to do was point her in the right direction and hang on. After negotiating a few steep ones just as deep water shelved out onto the flats, I ran into the lee of a sand reef and was finally able to ease up.

It wasn't the day of my expected arrival and I considered hunting up a sheltered anchorage inland as the bay had turned quite

nasty. But as I neared the lighthouse at the river mouth I was able to get a phone signal, and my buddy Greg answered on the first ring, that prince. So as to take advantage of freshwater trailering as well as a shorter drive for him, we agreed to meet at the confluence of the St Marks and another river, Wakulla. After all, the wind was decidedly favorable and the tide still rising. We found the ramp to be nominally closed for repairs but a law enforcement vessel was there also intent on getting out before the weather shut down and he encouraged us to go ahead.

As I stripped the sail off, my friend said, "Whoa, look at that rain coming." Half a minute later a tremendous squall struck, causing various forms of mayhem such as the construction toilet at the boat ramp blowing over (downwind, fortunately). Each of us took a turn holding the boat in check, squatting on the riverbank in the tiniest ball possible as the

air was crackling with electricity. When it finally passed on we plucked the boat out safely and gibbered like monkeys all the way home.

### Epilogue

The boat in this story is for sale. Designer and author Reuel Parker says of his 27' New Haven sharpie in *The Sharpie Book*, "I think you will find this craft to be an exceptionally fast and weatherly sailer, and I have to say that she might be my first choice to build and own of all the sharpies in this book."

Built in 1999-2000, the vessel is in very good condition and its custom trailer is in good to very good condition. She is built according to the principles and techniques in Parker's book, primarily fir marine plywood and Douglas fir. Spars are Douglas fir. Sails are by Stuart Hopkins (Dabbler Sails): 153sf main of Egyptian Dacron and a 73sf balance jib. Color of hull is green with a

white interior and red bottom paint. Custom canvas and various other articles for extended camping aboard are included. No ground tackle or motor, though I have one good spare anchor that I could part with. Fitting a motor (round stern, no transom) would be less than straightforward.

She is a bit of a handful to trailer and single hand but I feel it is well worth the trouble for a boat of such sailing qualities and capacity. I suggest that the ideal new owner is someone looking for a seaworthy open boat to take out for short, petroleum-free camping adventures, overnight or up to several weeks, particularly if he or she resides near a sound or bay, extensive shallow, open waters. These are very common along the coast of the southeastern U.S.

At a "garage sale" price of \$3,500 it is my hope to sell the boat quickly in order to fund a suit of sails and the spars needed for my new boat under construction.



The hull is ready to turn over.

## The New Boat

Here is a photo of the sharpie's replacement, a sloop designed by French naval architect Francois Vivier. Further information about Stir Ven, so called by Monsieur Vivier, can be found on the designer's website, <http://www.vivierboats.com/>, in the Classic/Traditional Sailboats section. I am very impressed with the integrity of the design (and the designer) so far. The hull photo was taken at Christmas. Since January I have been working on distinctly non-marine projects in an attempt to accumulate enough cash to finish.



Building site in Panama City under a live oak.



This gopher tortoise shares the building site. He will follow me if I have some cantaloupe.

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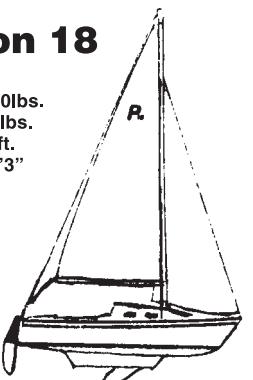


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Brightly colored canoes on the Parker River.

On Saturday, April 26, our Norumbega Chapter of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association kicked off our paddling season with a repeat of our ever popular paddle and portage trip on the Parker River in northeastern Massachusetts. The Parker is a pretty little stream flowing through the Crane Pond Wildlife Management Area. The male red-winged blackbirds have just returned to the marsh area and they were busily preparing their nests for the arrival of the females in a couple of weeks. In addition to the blackbirds we

Anandi and Dan demonstrating proper beaver dam work.



## Parker River Paddle and Portage Season Kickoff

Report and Photo by Steve Lapey  
Additional Photos by John Fitzgerald

were treated to an unusual sighting of a common egret. There are lots of them around but they are not normally seen on the Parker.

Usually in April we have plenty of water in this small stream, but this year with the extended stretch of early spring dry weather that we have been experiencing the water level was down about a foot or more since I checked it two weeks before. The low water made for some interesting beaver dam crossings, by my count we passed over at least six of them, four of which required exiting the canoes and doing the old lift-over trick.

This year we made things a little easier on the portage portion of the trip by having an automobile and a trailer spotted at the beginning of the long ( $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile) portage along a local road for anyone with an extra heavy canoe to use for transporting it. Amazingly four of the six canoes on the trip fell into this category and only our heavy-duty trippers, John Fiske and John Fitzgerald, actually portaged in the traditional manner while the trailer made two quick trips with the others.

On this trip we had six canoes, each one a different color, a little change from the usual assortment of either red or green canoes. Bill Clements and Ed Moses used Bill's 16' Old Town Yankee painted bright red with varnished outside stems. Ed Howard and myself were using Ed's big, blue, 18' Old Town Guide and we had plenty of room to include a third crew member, Vern Atwood.

Vern had brought along a recent acquisition, a very old Charles River-type canoe in need of restoration, but with no canvas it was in no condition to be used at this time. We all tried to identify Vern's canoe. It had the

look of many of the Charles River builders. At first we thought it may be a Robertson, a Nutting, or possibly an Arnold but it had other features that made it unique. The closed gunwales indicated that it was most likely pre-1915. There were no identifying marks or serial numbers visible, only a shadow on the bow deck where a small brass tag had been attached. For now we will just have to refer to it as the Mystery Canoe. For the color record called this uncovered canoe brown.

John and Brendan Fitzgerald paddled their gray 15' foot Chestnut Bob's Special. The Bob's is a little more "user friendly" on the portage than the big Prospector that John used last year on this adventure. Solo paddlers today were Stuart Fall in a white canoe built by Jeanne Bourquin in Minnesota, a very pretty boat, and John Fiske paddling his 15' Chestnut Prospector finished in a bright yellow. Friends of John, Dan, and Anandi Cullaty joined us with their dark green closed gunwale, short deck Robertson, a beautiful antique that was restored by Rollin Thurlow at the North Woods Canoe Shop in Atkinson, Maine.

So there we were; canoes in red, blue, brown, gray, white, yellow, and green. It has been many years since such a colorful array of beautiful wood and canvas canoes has been seen on the Parker River!

Lunch time found us at the end of the long portage sitting around the USGS gauging station that records the river's water level and flow data and transmits it to a satellite. This information can be accessed for many of our rivers at [www.usgs.gov](http://www.usgs.gov).

After lunch we paddled a short distance to the second portage around the dam at the old snuff mill. The original mill at this site was constructed in the early 1700s and the building now standing was last used in the 1940s. From the looks of the structure it is not going to be standing much longer. This second portage was only a short lift over so the trailer wasn't needed. After the quick carry we had another half hour or less of paddling to arrive at the take-out.

# The Bandana Boat on the Canal de Bourgogne

By Philip Thiel

The 111<sup>th</sup> Annual Cruise of the *Seren-dipitous Snail* took place in early September of 2007 on the Canal de Bourgogne, about 75 miles southeast of Paris. We motored 68 miles from the boat rental base at Joigny (on the River Yonne) to Montbard (on the canal) over one week and then returned to the base the second week with mostly fine weather.

The congenial crew consisted of naval architect Phil and anthropologist Amos for both weeks with film publicist Kenji, business consultant Kiko, video artist Tamiko, and computer programmer Peter for the first week and neuroscientist Jack, stage designer Gary, and architect Donn for the second. Since all but two of this group have participated in previous canal cruises, boathandling through 53 locks each way for a rise and descent of 434' went very smoothly. As usual we tipped the lock tenders with American bandannas at each ecluse: red outbound, blue return. Here-with some photos and comments on some of the memorable places we encountered.



## Merrily, Merrily

Slow, slow goes our boat, gently down the stream. Merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream. And so “la belle France-profonde au fil de l'eau” as a schedule-free movable feast in 7' of water at 3½ mph with fine food, good friends, lovely landscapes, and friendly natives surely must be a dream of heaven.



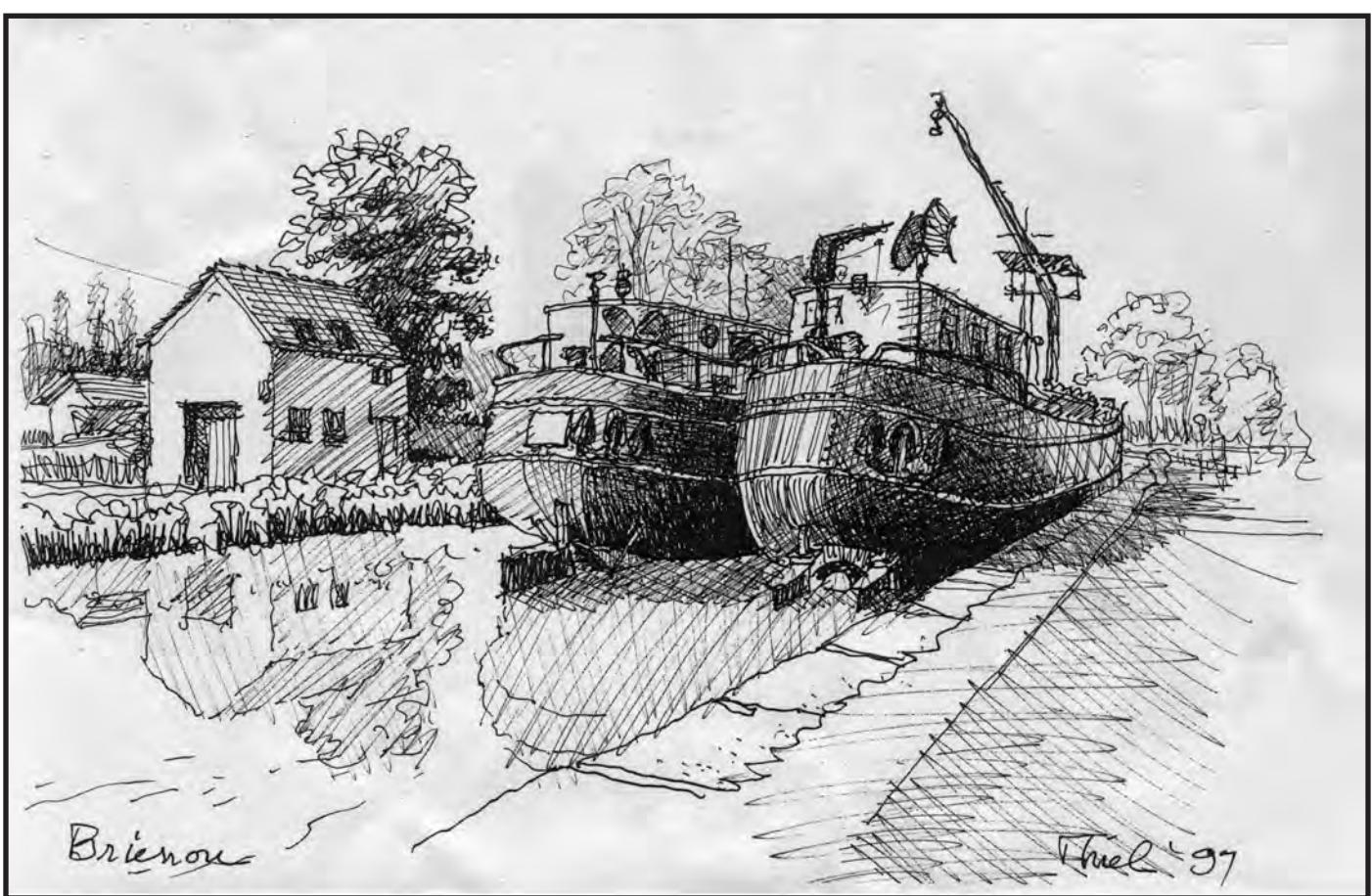


### Canal Boats

Originally built for commercial barge traffic, the canal is now primarily a recreational resource used by luxury hotel boats and by smaller for-hire and private craft, the latter often converted from older work boats. Some of these hire boats appear to be modeled after rocket ships... or sport shoes...

### Locking

On this trip we transited an average of ten locks a day. With experience we reduced the procedure to about 15 minutes, always helping the éclusier (lock tender) and offering "a little gift from America, a bandanna, "comme les cow-boys." Often they had some local produce for sale, wine, fruit and nuts, pastry, jam, and even walnut oil...





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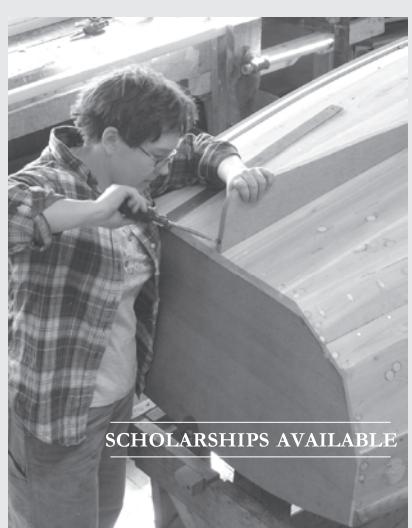
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The channel haze suspended us in a vague horizonless world as the gentle breeze in *Santa Maria's* 1,200sf of sail nudged her along from Dunkerque to Dover. The captain, engineer, sailmaker, and cook were in the wheelhouse enjoying the usual mid-afternoon snack while the first mate, carpenter, and deckhand sanded and painted the rail back aft. Yipper, the vessel's black cocker spaniel, had found that he could absorb the most sun by dozing atop the heavy dinghy which was lashed over the main skylight.

The sun's warmth was still a novelty to the crew, who had spent the long winter in Denmark. The month before we had a very literal shakedown our first day out of Svendborg, then the gods were kind and we couldn't have asked for finer weather to help us through the busy Kiel Canal. At Cuxhaven's salty North Sea port, bonded stores were put aboard while we closely watched the weather forecasts.

Gladly leaving the inhospitable port, we had proceeded out into the justly feared North Sea under ideal conditions. At last we had felt that the voyage was really beginning, we knew each other and the vessel and felt ready for almost anything the cruise might bring our way.

There were to be times when we would have welcomed some help when double reefing the flogging main or sweating up 40 fathoms of heavy anchor chain. The Danish skipper had retired rather young with a weak heart. A lifetime in commercial sail and motor vessels, both as captain and owner, prepared him well for world cruising in his 62' ketch. I had signed on as far as San Francisco, "if we should get so far," a prophetic remark that Asker seemed to enjoy repeating.

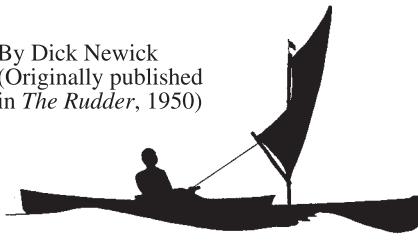
The *Santa Maria* was a girl with a past. Built as a gaff rigged yawl on the Isle of Man in 1907, her early activities are unknown, but about the time of World War I she was captured in Norwegian waters with a load of contraband. The years between the wars she spent as a motor vessel traveling the fjords in the service of a Norwegian company. After World War II she was purchased by a weekly magazine, re-rigged, and made famous in Scandinavia when she crossed the Atlantic on Columbus' original course with a popular Danish journalist aboard.

Below deck she had comfortable accommodations for six or eight in three cabins plus a practical-sized engine room. A useful, unstreamlined deckhouse sheltered the helmsman and also contained a berth and chart table. High bulwarks around the flush deck and simple, well-thought-out gear made it possible for the two of us to handle her with surprising ease.

The buoys of the mineswept coastal channel southwest from Cuxhaven had simplified navigation and kept a steady stream of shipping in highway-like lanes. I benefited

## Water Wandering the Coast of Europe

By Dick Newick  
(Originally published in *The Rudder*, 1950)



from Asker's voluminous nautical knowledge as each passing vessel brought to his mind many facts of interest. We soon fell into our seagoing watch system of four hours on and four hours off.

Three days later *Santa Maria* nosed into Scheveningen harbor, a spotless resort and fishing town adjoining the Dutch capital of Den Hague. Here I enjoyed visits with friends made the previous summer while more stores were put aboard. The unseasonable northwest wind held steady so we took advantage of its help for quick hops to Zeebrugge, Belgium, and Dunkerque, France. Several hours of rain and fog off Dunkerque had made us grateful for the extremely large and easily seen French buoys, probably the world's finest.

In Dunkerque only an occasional modern apartment or business building rose from large areas of ruins, but the shipyard at the harbor entrance had an air of cheerful activity. *La belle France!* Where else is wine so good and inexpensive? Where else do obliging customs officials so efficiently ignore foreign yachts? Where else is the individual still so important?

We would enjoy returning to the varied French coastline, but now England attracted us to its south coast, probably one of the world's finest cruising areas. Off to starboard the Goodwin Sands Light Vessel marked a dangerous graveyard so we welcomed a bit more breeze to offset a stiff tidal current and take us toward the break in the chalk cliffs where Dover Castle's ancient battlements brooded over the famous channel port.

A strange excitement accompanied my first English landfall, a hard to describe feeling that must have anticipated the warm welcomes we were to find in every English harbor. Dover started things off with a courteous official welcome plus greetings from the Royal Cinque Ports YC. The inner harbor offered calm shelter and companionship among a variety of vessels including a Colin Archer ketch, Brixham trawler, Thames barge, and a steam yacht plus assorted converted war craft

and conventional vessels. A former yachtsman befriended us and did much to make our stay even more pleasant. Yipper, too, found much of interest ashore and gave us several anxious hours while he leisurely explored the town with some English canine friends. The English are a bit stuffy about visits from unquarantined animals so we were pleased to get the dog aboard again with no official fuss.

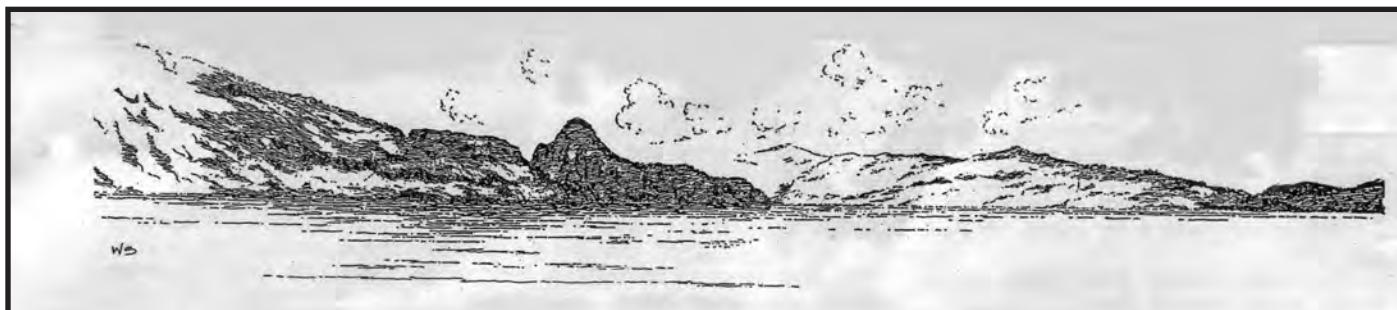
In Dover we were joined by Asker's wife and Reg White, a friend of mine from California, neither of whom particularly enjoyed a rough channel crossing to Boulogne where we spent a good day. Looking down from the ancient city wall we observed an endless procession of festive school children, then took refuge from a shower in an ice cream shop where the jolly proprietor delighted in giving us the latest word on local politics, history, and economics. Like many Frenchmen, he was remarkably well informed. The ice cream was good, too.

In every one of the 40 harbors we visited during our cruise, Asker and I made it a habit to cover the waterfront together, observing and discussing the many interesting craft we discovered. In this way we found the *Argus*, a small Danish cargo motor-sailer which had departed the year before for Panama with an adventurous family aboard. Sickness, poor equipment, shipwreck, and finally lack of money had plagued them. The son told us the sad story while showing us the vessel and introducing us to some Belgian and Dutch passengers he had agreed to deliver 1,000 miles up a large South American river with a cargo of their homestead goods. It was a weird arrangement, by no means the only one we met during our travels.

Truly amazing is the number of inexperienced people who aspire to nautical adventure. Almost every port disclosed a sad story, a captured smuggler, penniless single hander, or frustrated refugee. We could have filled the *Santa Maria's* nine extra berths several times over with as strange a crew as ever trod any deck.

The channel was good to us as we returned to England and tied up at Newhaven, not a very pretty place but active. Here another friend from the United States joined us for a few days after Mrs. Kure and Reg left and we cruised slowly to Shoreham, near Brighton's busy beaches, then on into the Solent to famous Cowes on the lovely Isle of Wight. I enjoyed visiting many yacht builders all along the coast and was impressed with the extremes of modern progress and old-fashioned methods I found.

In small, fast sailing craft the English are most advanced, but their power boats often seemed badly proportioned to these American eyes. Many of the ocean racing craft were very fine, as they should have been for the price! It was surprising to note that labor



and materials were valued quite equally in Denmark, Germany, Holland, and England, but the prices of the English finished product were usually 10-20% higher.

Leaving the boat at Cowes for a few days I saw a bit of the country around London, where every few steps seemed to introduce another famous setting from history or literature.

Underway again, the fabulous weather continued, providing a sparkling reach past the Needles to Poole, during which we were saucily passed by a Flying Fifteen, one of Uffa Fox's fast small boat designs.

In Shoreham, Asker had been interviewed by a reporter from a London tabloid. This character did a fabulous job of stretching and ignoring the truth, coming up with a wild story about "the captain who was sailing to the South Seas to die." It was awful but evidently provided some romance for the masses because a gentleman from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals looked us up in Poole and wanted to be certain of the dog's safety. They had gotten a couple of hundred letters from readers who were concerned that the dog might be abandoned at sea on a skipperless derelict.

An early morning start and overnight passage took us along the high rugged coast to Torquay's snug harbor. Out in the bay were three American warships on a summer cruise with many cadets aboard. The popular resort town was jammed with vacationers who enjoyed walking along the quay. We secured alongside a small Dutch freighter whose witty captain had tacked this sign to the gangway:

"Don't ask what flag this is.

This is a DUTCH flag.

Learn the flags of Europe!"

This underlined the fact that I, too, had been sadly ignorant on the subject of national flags when I'd arrived in Europe the previous year. Much as I deplore nationalism, it seems wise to be able to recognize the colored cloth that others might think important.

A lazy sail took us to Dartmouth, through the castle-guarded river mouth where we found the voyage's most beautiful anchorage, a fairyland snuggled in steep green hills. As with almost every port, we could have stayed longer but the sea called

and soon we were snug in Plymouth's inner harbor, just a few feet from the steps where the *Mayflower* pilgrims had embarked. Miss Greta Yeal, whom I'd met when she was an exchange teacher in California, kindly showed us Dartmoor, the surrounding countryside, and the rebuilt modern city which had risen from war's destruction.

Then we headed across the channel to the charming rocky shores of Guernsey, hidden in a thick fog which made us glad for the help of our pressure-sensitive sounding device lowered on a thin wire as we felt our way in over the bottom. Here in St Peterport we were pleased to meet another Danish yacht, the fine 40' sloop *Skjoldnaes* bound for the Mediterranean. Often in the weeks to come we were to be in adjacent berths in many different harbors with Allesch, Vilhelm, and Katie. She was a wonderful cook and hostess (typically Danish) who insisted that we on *Santa Maria* share their elegant meals.

Leaving the island of cows, tomatoes, and tourists we sailed in company to ancient walled St Afalo where we, too, found a charming cook. Else Aaare, a Danish girl who lived in Paris, changed her vacation plans and sailed for a month along the French coast with us, soon becoming an enthusiastic and able sailor. The ports of Camaret, Bele Ile, and St Nazaire were visited as warm favorable winds continued to aid us on our journey southward.

At Ile d'Yeu the voyage almost ended sadly. We secured *Santa Maria* alongside the

sea wall in the small harbor in order to check her rudder and scrub her bottom after the 10' tide left her high and dry. Due to a freak accident we were neither high nor dry. The poor old girl fell away from the wall and crashed her bilge in a very solid harbor bottom in 3' of water. Fortunately no one was hurt and the rig miraculously survived the terrific jolt. But the hull was another story. Water poured in, soaking everything in the port lockers. With plenty of sympathetic help, including the local volunteer fire department with a big pump, we righted her on the next tide.

Inspection showed four heavy double oak frames broken but the pitch pine planking remained surprisingly intact. During the next two hectic weeks Asker and I removed half the vessel's copper plating, giving a local caulkers access to seams and butts which were the worst offenders. Finally, with many forebodings, we were ready for a trial run which turned out to be an uncomplicated one-day sail to LaRochelle. To be sure, she leaked more than usual but the skipper thought she'd be safe enough for coastwise travel. So instead of heading for San Francisco, we decided to take her to the Mediterranean where Asker would winter and I would look for another boat heading for the States.

Sailing out between the medieval towers of LaRochelle Harbor, we waved a sad adieu to Else who had so cheerfully shared our good and bad fortunes.

Even the Bay of Biscay behaved herself and five days later we dropped the hook off Vigo, Spain, in a mountain-ringed bay that rivals San Francisco's. Here we again met the French catamaran *Tohu Bohu* which we had first seen in Carnaret. She was a steel 30-footer bound around the world with two likable young Frenchmen.

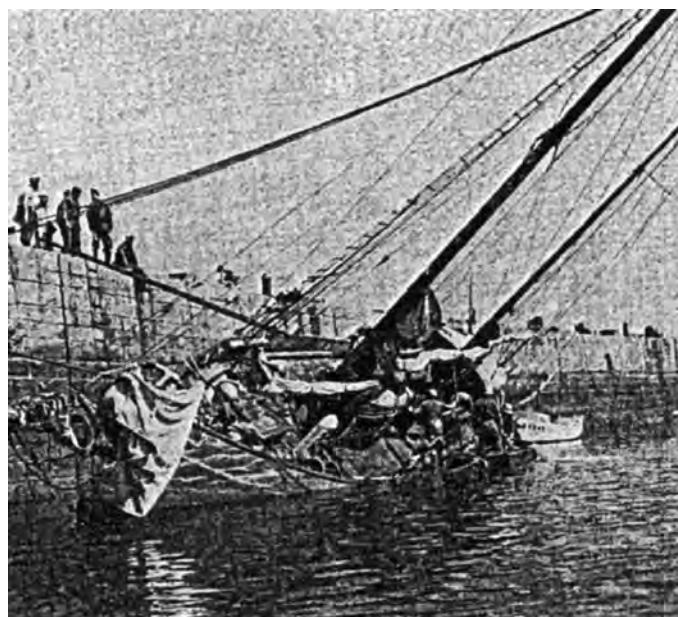
Vigo is poor and sunny Spain was a police state, but we enjoyed our short stay and were well treated by the proud Spaniards. Never had we seen such crowded fishing craft, 30-footers with ten crew members were not unusual. And the phosphorescence in the bay. Every moving thing on or in the water was surrounded by pearly fire at night.

Heading down the coast to Cascais and Lisbon we had a variety of weather including

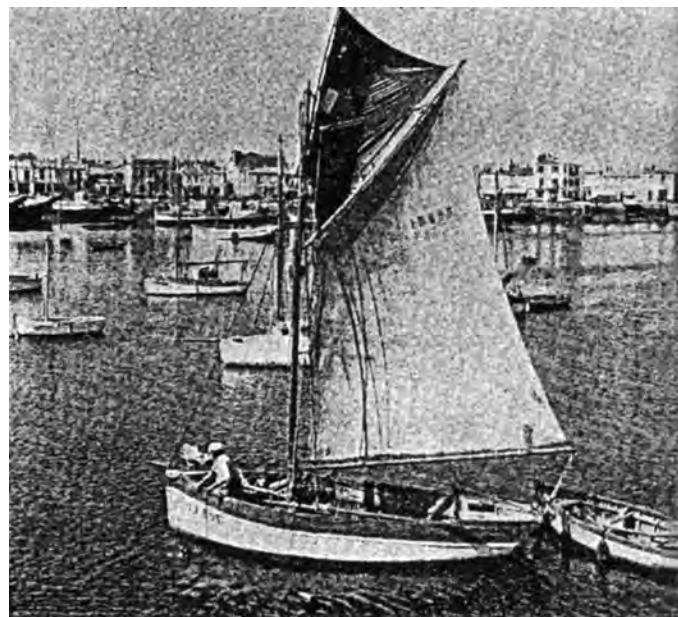


Else and Asker during a lazy day near Camaret.

After the accident at Ile d'Yeu.



Single handed fisherman at Ile d'Yeu.



two days of absolutely flat calm, a few hours of dense fog, and a couple of days of mountainous seas which were fortunately without the wind that had made them.

Portugal was a pleasant surprise. Conditions were much the same as in Spain and the only people we met who took life very seriously were the passport police and customs agents. Cascais, just inside the entrance to the broad Tagus River, is a popular resort where sleek racing craft tangle moorings with a colorful fishing fleet. The open air fish auction on the beach contrasts strangely with nearby gleaming villas. Lisbon harbor was interesting to us because of the large fleet of sailing cargo lighters which accomplished a lot of work despite strong tides and unpredictable winds. While there we also saw several of the stately schooners return from a season of fishing on the Grand Banks. In and around Lisbon many fishing boats were being built with a bare minimum of equipment. Graceful craft emerged under the skilled hands of people with a great maritime tradition. Timbers and planks were hand ripped from 2' diameter pine logs in surprisingly quick time.

As in France and Spain, we noticed many slightly obsolete craft rotting on the beach. They had often been sound when abandoned, causing us to wonder why new vessels were being built instead of using those available. One boatyard disclosed a shapely oak double ender that had obviously started her seagoing in the Danish islands. Inquiries showed that a dark night and a sand bar had combined to end an unlucky sailing career at the entrance to the Tagus River.

Off to the south we spent a quiet day at Cadiz where much American war material was being unloaded at the docks.

Heading for Tangier past Trafalgar's imposing point and across the busy Strait of Gibraltar, we were blown back by a Force 7 Levanter with a nasty steep sea. We didn't care to strain the vessel when it was so easy to duck back into Cadiz. Next day we were similarly caught, but had progressed further so decided to keep going through a long rough night. At dawn we were punching to windward under a reefed staysail and double reefed main when Asker started the reliable Perkins diesel. The faithful old girl used only a few gallons an hour, weathering her test nicely, but we were glad to round up into the shelter of Tangier's new breakwater and spend a week in that fabulous international

smuggling center. "Business" had been poor due to greatly increased Spanish and Italian jail sentences for those caught, but many a fast gray motor vessel seemed to be held in hopeful readiness.

We had been looking forward to a visit at Gibraltar for many weeks so were pleased when a lull in the persistent Levanter gave us a lazy day of sailing through the impressive straits to the rock. Here we were beset with almost every kind of official mix-up but a couple of days of paperwork got the officials semi straightened out. By that time we were quite ready to leave. Even the kindness of Commander Woodhouse, the Queen's harbor master, could not disguise the fact that the English Navy did not encourage or welcome visiting yachts. The same could be said for a social club that goes under the name of Royal Gibraltar Yacht Club.

The nicest thing that happened to us in Gibraltar was meeting George Boston, a single hander just over from Swampscott, Massachusetts, aboard his Tahiti ketch *Fiddler's Green* which he had done a fine job of building himself. He was bound around the world and we admired his able start.

Glad to leave the rock's depressing military atmosphere, we headed into the Mediterranean where we met a fleet of Russian fishing vessels and mother ships headed into the Atlantic. During my night watches I was happy to let *Santa Maria* steer herself while I stood in awe at the bow, watching cavorting porpoises far below in the crystal phosphorescence. Their antics always amuse me but that night I stood entranced as their pearly trails wove below and exploded on the surface.

Malaga's large port contained more sailing cargo vessels than we had seen previously on the cruise. Fourteen schooners were counted busily loading and discharging grapes, wine, farm produce, bars of lead, and general cargo. They were fine looking vessels but mostly with diesels replacing topmasts.

Here we met Sigrid and Ditter, two young Germans who expressed a great interest in our voyage and soon found themselves invited along. We welcomed their company on the night watches and their help in the galley and on deck. A one-day inland bus ride from Motril took us to Grenada's fabulous Alhambra, a gem of a Moorish castle high in the mountains. Sigrid's comprehensive knowledge of the history of art made the trip

doubly worthwhile as she elaborated on the background of what we saw. Ditter had to return home from Almeria's sun-baked port but we were to enjoy Sigrid's pleasant company until the end of the passage.

The southern Spanish ports were all much the same along a dry rugged coast, ill suited for much except some mining, fishing, and a few almond and olive trees. The people were always friendly and usually poor. The harbors had seen the ships of many conquerors come and go, including Phoenician, Greek, Roman, Carthaginian, and Moorish.

Before heading for the Balearic Islands we called at Cartagena, then at Alicante where we met two fine English yachts. The *Thanet*, a sloop about 70' overall, belonged to Mr Somerset, a well-known yachtsman whom we were happy to meet. *Speedwell* was a 25' Virtue type which had been sailed from Hong Kong to England by her previous owner. Now John and Laural Goodwin were returning from the Balearic Islands in her and he was planning a solo Atlantic crossing.

The fickle Mediterranean winds slowly glided us to Ibiza's island harbor under a high white town, a place to be remembered forever with a full moon frosting the harbor and ancient ramparts, shining an occasional light in the still, narrow streets. Here was real tranquility, a dream haven. One of the residents was Tom Crighton, an ex-San Franciscan whose book, *Sailboat Tramp*, had helped to start my wanderings. His husky Colin Archer ketch named *Jack London* was quite a change from the 25' sloop he had sailed from Sweden to Israel some years before.

Leaving Ibiza's charms we set the course toward nearby Palma de Mallorca, the last harbor to shelter us on our five-month cruise from Denmark. The Club Nautico of this modern city is a fine collection of facilities and pleasure craft. Here was one of the few places we visited where the *Santa Maria* was not conspicuously large. Among a fine international fleet the American flag graced the sterns of the *Zaca*, *Ticonderoga*, and *Fiddler's Green*.

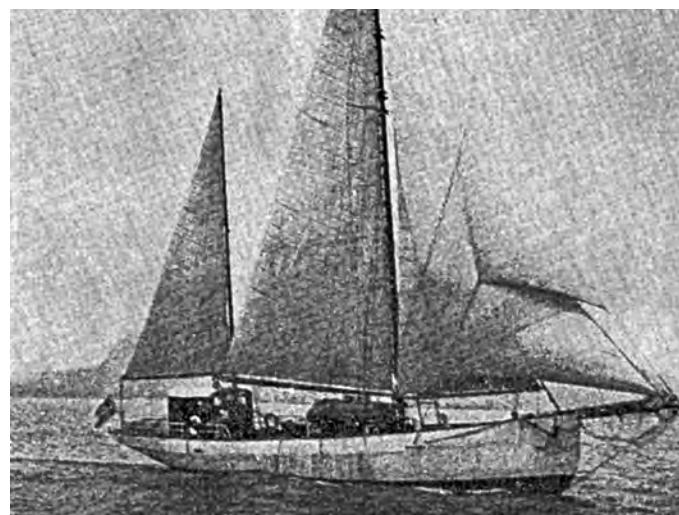
Almost too soon I found a berth on the *Adara*, a 40' Spanish built sloop headed across the Atlantic. It was not easy to say goodbye to *Santa Maria* and her crew. We had had a fine cruise even though we had not reached San Francisco.

**(To Be Continued)**

Building a new fishing boat using old methods in Lisbon.



The *Santa Maria* in the Mediterranean.



I've got this little, white, plastic, dinghy. A lady on one of the big offshore racing/cruising boats down the dock from us had left the poor thing to sit in the water for a year or more. The less-than-pristine water here at the dead end of San Diego Bay can really grow a crop of both flora and fauna, especially in the course of a summer season. For the record, what the rest of the country would consider "summer" extends down here in the lower left corner of the map from about late February to about when we take the Christmas decorations down. In fact, as a transplanted Washingtonian (the colder, wetter Washington, that is), I still delight in a tradition of decorating the boat and surrounding dock for Christmas in my short pants.

Well, anyway, I had noticed this little white tub bobbing rather morosely at the end of one of the finger piers for quite a while. Poor thing. The sail rig had been left rolled up on the dock and was gradually turning to its component elements in the sun. One Sunday afternoon on my way home from my weekend "beer money" job teaching sailing, I was jolted out of my mutterings with, "Hey, Dan! Wanna' buy a boat?" Now that's kind of a touchy subject around my house (well, actually, houseboat). But the lady knew an easy touch when she saw one.

"How much?"  
"How 'bout \$200?"  
"How 'bout \$25?"

And so it went until we settled on a number that just coincidentally matched my tips for the weekend. So now I had to invent an explanation like the archetypical boy and



## Boats Really Don't Make Sense

### Just Suppose God Had Made Polyethylene Trees

By Dan Rogers

muddy mongrel story that starts out with, "But, geez, mom, it followed me home..."

Anyhow, I paddled that octopus's garden home and tied it alongside *Fiddler's Green*. Of course, I tried the "what new boat?" affect. But my wife, Kate, didn't go for that one any better than the last few times. So I tried the "but it'll be a good kids' trainer and besides..." approach. I doubt she was ever really convinced but off I went to haul half the Sargasso Sea up on our dock and proceed to detach it from my new vessel. Wow, if the smell don't getcha, the barnacles will. For a material that is supposed to be slippery and impervious to most adhesives and paint, that little rotomolded tub was firmly attached to a wide variety of mollusks. In fact, a year and a half later, some of them are still hanging in there.

I was forming a kids' church group at the time, combining the improbable virtues of boating with manual arts and moral rectitude. After adding a ring of those grocery store swim noodles around the gun'l and reviving a set of swap meet oars, I had the perfect vehicle to teach a group of modern day second to fifth graders how to row. You know, "catch-pull-feather-recover." While there was little chance of teaching overly much of rowing's finer points to a generation bred on video games, we did actually get several of the kids to the cusp of self-propulsion. Up to then it never occurred to me that rowing a little boat could be any more difficult or unusual than, say, pounding a long splice into a hemp hawser. But I guess it is. Seems kids today don't really care how a thing works just so long as it works and isn't TOO MUCH WORK. Something about that makes me sad. Well, anyway, that little tub got a bunch of kids out on the water and under their own propulsion. And, that's got to be a good thing.

So, next, I resurrected the stock underwater appendages and fleshed out the spars with

a cut-down swap meet Laser sail. My 11-going-on-21-year-old granddaughter was visiting us for a week a while ago. She had taken an equally precocious nine-year-old under her wing. And while the swimming pool and local mall had much more intrinsic attraction, I was able to coax them into the little white tub on the premise we were going sailing. Now I will admit to a bit of moxie in the area of teaching people how to do things against their better judgment. And this case was no exception. I used the ever popular "you get in and I'll get in right after I untie the boat and... oops... well, just pull that rope dangling in front of you and pull on that stick in your hand. Hey, that's right. Try that again..." and so they were off on a new career.

Luckily for me there were a couple same-aged boys aboard one of the boats tied up in that same fairway here in the marina where the girls were now sailing up and down rather nattily. And, of course, I tried the old faithful "are you guys gonna let a couple GIRLS show you up?" Actually, the matter was in some doubt for a while but my entreaties were seconded by the boys' dads. And the game was on.

Later, as the boys bungled a tack, I overheard my granddaughter whisper conspiratorily to her younger companion, "Look how those dumb boys got caught in irons. We wouldn't let that happen..."

You know what? I think that little plastic tub has paid for itself.



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Fischer Bateman had made up his mind this morning, just like he did every morning lying next to Mrs Jenny Bateman Number IV, about supper. Every morning at 4:30am, as she lay there fast asleep, softly breathing, Fischer would make up his mind so that when he swung his legs out of bed at 5:00am he knew exactly what he needed to do to get himself together.

As usual the aroma of his coffee, set to begin its perk at 5:00am, perked him right up. It was steaming hot and ready to be poured when Fischer, dressed for the day in his overalls, plaid shirt, and rubber L.L. Bean boots that in 35 years had only needed to be soled once, free as guaranteed, stepped into the kitchen at 5:15am.

He prepared his customary breakfast of codfish cakes, beans, and cornbread. He liked it 'cause it stuck by a fella's ribs until lunch and he needed that. Mrs Jenny Bateman Number IV had very kindly made up his customary lunch the night before and left it in the icebox in its usual handy waterproof tote. Tuna fish salad on homemade Anadama bread, salt and vinegar chips, no fewer than ten bread-and-butter pickle slices made according to his own mother's recipe, and a thermos of hot black coffee was the order of the day every day. "A fella needs to be regular in his habits," his mother would often say. And she were right, by gorry! They was words to live by, and he did, right down to only marrying women who, like his mother, were named Jenny.

Unfortunately the Mrs Jenny Bateman Numbers I, II, and III found his ways a bit too rigid and hard to take. But Jenny Bateman Number IV seemed to be fine with it and had already lasted longer than I, II, and III combined. So he guessed he'd finally found himself a keeper.

It was a drizzly morning so he put on his sou'wester and quietly stepped out the backdoor so as not to disturb Mrs Bateman Number IV. Mrs Bateman Number IV didn't have to get up so early 'cause she worked at the WalMart in Rockland part-time. The rest of the time she kept house, minded the few chickens they had, and the vegetable garden. Jenny was a prize-winning bread baker and pie maker, too, and she had the ribbons from the Knox County Fair to prove it.

By 5:45am Fischer was down at the dock. He stepped aboard the *Jenny B.*, named after his mother, that he had inherited from his father. Fischer came from a long line of fishermen. As a matter of fact, all the Bateman men had been master bait fishermen for as long back as anyone knew and so it was only natural Fischer had become a master bait fisherman, too. Turning the key, Fischer turned over *Jenny B.*'s single diesel engine. RHUM-PUM-PUM-PUM WHOOSH! The *Jenny B.* turned over.

He knew there was no sense in bringing all the gear down from the truck or fixing a bucket of bait if the damn boat wouldn't run so he always did that first. And as the *Jenny B.* sat alongside the float idling, Fischer went back down the wharf a bit to where the bait cooler was situated in the bait shed.

Chowder, he had decided this morning, a nice codfish chowder. Steaming hot on a cold drizzly day, 'twould be perfect. And so he prepared to go fishing for the wily rock cod. Now experience had shown him that he got more rock cod using strips of squid as opposed to whole squid so he knew he would need some of that. Fischer had tried whole-bodied squid only to find, after reeling

## The Crown Pilot Crisis

### Told in the Traditional Style Of the Down East Story

By S.E. Creed

in, that he had a bunch of squid heads with no fish attached. This was especially frustrating as rock cod swim deep and reeling in 300' of line is somewhat of a nuisance, especially if it's for naught. Of course, rock cod also like clam strips and seaworms and they are often fussy eaters. So looking in the bait cooler, an old tonic chest that was plugged in between the barrels of lobster bait and coils of pot warp, he chose some of each. Putting each bait in its own plastic Tupper, he put them inside his heavy duty cooler chest alongside his handy waterproof lunch tote. He then went over to the ice machine where, for a quarter, he could get enough ice to fill the box.

KACHUNK, KACHUNK, THUNK! Fischer got ice. He hauled the Igloo down to the *Jenny B.*. Twere low tide so he had to use the winch to lower it down to the float. Then he climbed down the ladder to load the heavy bait cooler on board the *Jenny B.*, still steadily idling and riding gentle on her spring line in the drizzle. He placed the cooler just behind the engine box for easy access, then fetched out of the cabin his best graphite codding rod, deep sea fishing reel, and a cod rig that had four dropper loops on the main line. Even though he only had three kinds of bait it would allow him to attach four pieces. He would put a clam strip, a seaworm, and double up on the squid. Placing the rods aft by the tumblehome transom, he felt confident that this smorgasbord he would dangle in front of his prey would yield good results.

At 6:30am Fischer Bateman cast off and headed out the harbor for Toothaker Ridge. From years of experience he knew just the right heading and how long it would take to get there. He had his favorite rock all picked out, and when his depth finder showed a blue fuzz ball indicating fish on top of red rock Number 6, he knew it was time to drop anchor and get to it.

Securing the Danforth, slicker-clad Fischer baited the four sproat hooks and dropped the rig over the side. The 8oz sinker flew the line down the 300' which allowed it to ride next to the rocks off the bottom just so. "Fish like wet weather," he thought. "I should get a bite in no time flat." And he did.

He needed only one codfish for his chowder but by 11am he had caught a baker's dozen. He knew that Arlo's Fish Market would buy any extra he brought in, which was a good thing as what he got for this rest of his catch generally paid the cost of fuel with a little extra besides. Satisfied with the results, he took the now empty bait containers and his handy waterproof lunch tote out of the cooler and put the rock cod he had gutted on the aft deck into the heavy duty Igloo which had just enough ice left in it to keep them fresh.

The fishing done, he sat down to eat his lunch. The tuna sandwich on homemade Anadama bread, with salt and vinegar chips, and no fewer than ten bread-and-butter pickle slices made according to his own mother's recipe, which he swilled down with the black coffee he had brought in his thermos, went down good and gave him the necessary boost

of energy before he would weigh anchor and head for home.

For all the lousy weather the sea was pretty calm and the incoming tide helped the *Jenny B.* up the channel in record time. When Fischer tied up, he hosed down the *Jenny B.*'s deck and his fishing gear. Then, after everything was buttoned up, he used the hand truck to haul the Igloo to Arlo's Market at the top of the wharf so's he could sell the extra cod. "They're beauties, Fischer," Arlo told him handing him cash for the catch.

"They are," agreed Fischer, tucking the dough in the pocket of his slicker jacket. His cooler was now empty except for the one cod he needed for his chowder and his handy waterproof lunch tote. He headed home.

It would be three hours before the Missus got home from work and by then Fischer would have the chowder all ready to eat. He got out his best blue-spakle chowder bucket, filled it three quarters full with salted water, put it on the stove, and went outside to the picnic table to finish cleaning the cod. The fish already gutted, he cut two fine fillets from the rack which he would chunk up for the chowder. He took great care slicing off the cod cheeks, the sweetest part of the whole fish. He set them aside to use in the fishcakes he so enjoyed for breakfast each morning. After hosing the gurry off the table and putting the skin in the mulch pile, he went back inside. He would use the rack head, tail, and all to make the fish stock by putting it into the brine with a bay leaf to boil clean.

Fischer cut up onions and potatoes his wife had grown in the garden and got two cans of canned milk out of the cupboard, then rendered some salt pork for cracklings. When all the flesh was off the bones, Fischer strained the stock, retaining the liquor. Next the potatoes and onions would cook in the brine. When the potatoes were soft and the onions translucent, Fischer added the chunks of cod, two cans of canned milk, the cracklings, some more salt to taste, some cracked pepper, and three pats of real butter. Then he set the whole thing on the back burner to simmer. The smell in the warm kitchen was succulent.

He set the table with their best chowder bowls and put on a fresh pot of coffee. Everything would be ready for when the Missus came home from work, just like every night. Fischer was a good cook and she, Mrs Jenny Bateman Number IV, did not seem to mind that there was fish of one kind or another for supper every night.

At 6pm on the dot Jenny trudged through the door, hung up her foul weather gear, kissed Fischer on the cheek, washed her hands, and sat down to dinner. Fischer went to the cupboard to get the Crown Pilot Crackers. He always broke up two of them and put them into the bottom of the bowl before ladling in the chowder.

"Mother!" (that's what he called Jenny when they were home alone together). "Mother, where are the Crown Pilot Crackers?"

"We're out, Dear," (that's what she called him when they were home alone together). "And when I tried to get them at the market they were out, too."

"Did you try all the markets?"

"Yes, Dear, and what they told me was that Nabisco had discontinued making the Crown Pilot Crackers."

"Discontinued?" he gasped.

"Ayah. But Dear, we do have Ritz and Waverly Wafers or Premium Saltines. How about one of them? You like them."

Fischer frowned. He had always had Nabisco Crown Pilot Crackers in his chowder. What was chowder without Crown Pilot Crackers? Why, it was unthinkable, like putting tomatoes in chowder is unthinkable. Fischer thought. "Mother, I'll be back."

And with that Fischer put on his rain gear and headed out the door. Someone was bound to have a box of Crown Pilot Crackers they had not finished off. After all, this is New England and sometimes folks put a little extra of certain things by just in case. He went door to door, neighbor to neighbor, but the answer was always the same. "Nope, sorry, Fischer. We're all out, too, and it's a crying shame that Nabisco has discontinued them. Perhaps even criminal!"

Fischer came home brokenhearted. He could not eat his beautiful chowder without his beloved Crown Pilot Crackers. Fischer thought. Fischer called Nabisco.

The nice young lady in customer service at Nabisco explained to Fischer that it was not that Crown Pilot Crackers didn't sell well, they just didn't sell as well as other products. And so it was determined by the higher-ups to drop the line. She sympathized with Fischer. She said that many New Englanders just like him had called wanting the crackers.

"Corporate greed," he muttered.

"I suppose," the customer service lady sighed. Then she said, "Did you know the original recipe came from a recipe Nabisco bought from Hicks' Bakery in Newburyport, Massachusetts?"

"I didn't know that," Fischer replied. He thanked the lady for her service, hung up, and went to bed.

Fischer Bateman woke up at 4:30am and made up his mind just like he did every morning lying next to Mrs Jenny Bateman Number IV as she lay there fast asleep, softly breathing. So when he swung his legs out of bed at 5:00am, he knew exactly what he needed to do to get himself together.

Today, instead of fishing for supper, he would get in the *Jenny B.* and head up to Newburyport. He would find Hicks' Bakery and get the owner to give him the recipe. Then his Mrs Jenny Bateman Number IV could make them. She was a prize-winning baker and pie maker and had the ribbons from the Knox County Fair to prove it. Surely, she could follow the recipe to make the crackers so that he could have Crown Pilot Crackers for his chowder forever and ever and never be out ever again.

And that is just what he did!

## Rescue Squad

By Jack Faatz

Years ago my wife and I lived on Lake Parker in Lakeland, Florida. We lived on the west side of the lake at the bottom of a hill. I have had several sailboats but my 13' red boat designed and built by my friend Gene Rosson was probably the most fun boat I had.

One morning I wanted to take it out even though it was rather windy. I went down to the pier and thought about it a little bit. I said to myself, "Well, I think I can handle it." So I bent on the sail and took off. Big mistake! Because of the wind shadow of the hill the wind was not so strong down next to the pier, but after I got out a ways it was really blowing. I wanted to go back but I would surely capsize if I tried to come about so I decided to just sail on across the lake, beach it, then turn around and head back home.

I was really having a ball. Sheet in and surf down the waves, spill wind, sheet in and just fly. I was hiked out as far as I could get when suddenly the mast broke. I was hiked out so far that I nearly fell in the water when the resistance left but I managed to scramble back in the boat and pull the rigging mess back on board.

With all the wind pushing on my low freeboard I could still sail at any point downwind. There was a car parked on the far shore a little to the left of my course so I decided to sail toward it thinking maybe the person with it would give me a lift home. Then I could get my trailer and come back for my boat.

Everything was going fine until I saw the blinking blue light coming around the lake with a boat in tow. I knew it was the rescue squad. He saw that I was heading for the parked car so he parked there and waited for me. With his hip boots on he waded out as I was coming in and, boy, was he angry! He asked me how many were in the boat? Whoever called in said there were two in the boat. I had a hard time convincing him that I was the only boater. He said I had no business out on the lake in such conditions (I knew that by then). However, I told him everything was just fine until the mast broke. He left in a huff. The man whose car it was just happened to live up the street from me and gave me a ride home. All ended well.

People living around the lake were always watching to see a sailboat capsize and call the rescue squad. They never seemed to understand that small boat sailors capsize once in a while.

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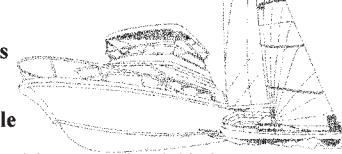


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Boats with lids have their disadvantages, of course, but when it comes to winter sailing there's nothing to beat 'em. In dinghies I used to reckon that September saw the end of my cruising year. There'd possibly be the occasional day when it was all right, but I felt much more vulnerable than in summer. With a lid, however, the ability to sail on a bright winter's day, taking my home with me like a snail with all the gear safely down below and feeling free of the risk of a capsize, is wonderful. However, even in a safe boat like *The Genie*, with something like a 40% ballast ratio, the wind chill factor plays an important part in deciding whether to go or not. But by watching the forecasts I could usually spot a "baby bear's wind," neither too strong nor too light, but just right.

Some of my most memorable winter sails have often come after what has been a long period of inactivity. In January 2006 there was one day I remember. I'd motored across Essex in the half-light before dawn and was underway by 0930, brewing coffee on the stove just inside the cabin as I left the marina. High water was some five hours away and the wind was a Force 3-4 from the southwest. The only sailing plan I had that day was to get out, sail as fast and as far as I could, and knock off some of those cobwebs. The Christmas holidays had been far too long.

Accordingly, we ran to Harwich breakwater, turned south there, and close hauled our way south as far as Walton's deserted seaside beaches and ran back again. We crossed the sands when the tide had made enough and nosed our way around the maze of creeks in the Backwater. The stove kept me in hot drinks and on a crisp day, although I was well wrapped up, they went down a treat. Finally we turned into the Walton Channel, dropping sail outside the marina, and motored in. The jaunt had been for six hours but it had

## In Praise of Lids

### Pros and Cons of Small Boats with Cabins or "Lids"

By Ted Jones

Reprinted from the *DCA Bulletin*  
Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)  
Newsletter #193, Winter 2006

knocked off some of those Christmas cobwebs and had covered 19 miles in all. I motored home in the gathering gloom, feeling anything but gloomy myself.

Some three months before this trip and after another seemingly long period of inactivity, I set off with a southeasterly breeze, again somewhere between three and four. This time we went through Harwich and, with a fair wind, pushed up into the beautiful Stour over the ebbing tide. I could not stay out overnight and, with hindsight, I know that I lingered too long and turned later than I should. My only justification was that it was a blissful day and the sailing was sublime.

By the time we eventually scraped back through Harwich and out on the Walton side it was low water. The wind had dropped considerably and had veered into the south. We made slow progress and I had to sit on the lee side to get some shape in the sails. The light was fading fast, and we still had five miles to go to the marina. Moreover, as we approached the Backwaters I realized that several of the buoys' lights were not working, "flashing black," as someone once said.

Sailing in the dark after a long summer of light evenings was a little disorienting, especially given the missing lights, so I kept a little more than half an eye on the depth sounder and a back-up sounding pole. *The Genie* tacked back and forth and perhaps more by luck than judgement, each buoy

loomed up through the darkness more or less on time. When we got back after nine hours of sailing, two of which were in complete darkness, *The Genie* had put some 22 miles under the keel. It was a satisfying return for the long motor journey there and back, also in the dark.

In the following month's *Dinghy Sailing Magazine* Roger Barnes set readers a puzzle. Fog had engulfed him on a sail going from Harwich to Walton. He asked us to guess what he should do. Easy, I answered, and recounted my experience in the dark a month or so previously. I was one of the lucky prize winners as a result.

But by far the most memorable day sail was just two days before Christmas one year. Looking back in my log I am surprised to see that it took place in 2001, the memory of it being so strong that it seems like only yesterday. My son Ben was staying for Christmas and we'd hoped for a day out, but the forecasters had talked about F5+. We looked gloomily at each other. Then overnight it snowed and by morning they were happily talking of winds between two and four. We motored across Essex, where the roads themselves seemed pretty good, but there remained a good inch or two of white stuff at the sides. Radio programmes were speculating about the likelihood of bookies at last having to pay out on those White Christmas bets.

In the villages approaching Walton we ran into fog and I began to wonder if we'd made the journey for nothing, but the marina and river were clear so as Ben cleared much of the snow on the boat I prepared her to leave and we hoisted sail as we exited the marina. To be truthful, it wasn't much of a sail as sails go. The wind was nearer F2-3 than the hoped for F3-4 so there was no excitement and certainly no thrills and spills. We nosed up the Backwater's various creeks, counting seals and spotting wintering birds that come to this area,

We made innumerable cups of tea on the cabin stove and giggled to ourselves at our audacity in sailing in such weather at this time of the year. We should have hoisted a sprig of holly to the masthead, we joked, but there had been no time to find a piece before leaving.

Surprisingly, as we left the land behind the temperature seemed to rise and we felt very little of the cold we'd expected. We were out for only about four hours and probably covered no more than ten miles but, strangely, the memory of that sail lives in my mind in a way that few others have done over the years. Perhaps not so strange was the fact that only one other craft was out that day, a motor boat, and her helmsman waved to us from inside his closed and doubtless heated wheelhouse. We have no idea what he was thinking as he waved, but we can guess. No doubt you can, too.

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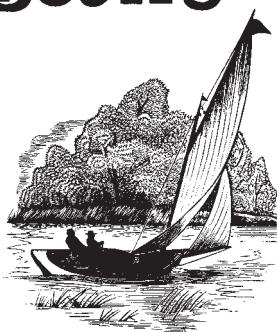
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# A Lifetime on the Water

## Part 3

### The Hammer Falls on an Era

By Lionel Taylor

Like every boy living near the water, I had always wanted my own boat. Now my father made my dream come true. I waited impatiently for her delivery from the boatyard through the fall and winter. Just when I thought I could wait no longer, the spring thaws arrived and with them the delivery of my boat. The Saturday of her arrival my father took me down to the canoe float of the Echo Bay Yacht Club, to which he belonged. There a beautiful, 8' long, wood sailboat sat ready for my inspection. The hull was painted a bright green and the wood spars were polished to a high gloss finish. "Go ahead," my father said, with a grin, "Get in and see if you fit."

I hesitated. I was afraid to get into the cockpit. I just wanted to look at her for a while. After I got over the shock of realizing my dream had come true, my father slid the boat into the water. I shakily raised the canvas jib and mainsail and took her for a very short spin as my father watched from the dock. She was all I could ask for. When school was out I'd come down for an early morning sail. As I pulled my boat free from her neighbors at the club dinghy dock, she seemed to me to bob and bounce in anticipation of our joint freedom. After I raised the sails and lowered the mahogany rudder, I was off. My boat picked up speed in a light southeasterly wind as I reached past Middle Rock and into the back bay area behind the club.

When the tide was high in that small bay, as it was then, a whole new world opened up back there. A wasteland of mud, rock, and mussel shells became a beautiful salt water lake of gently rippling blue-green water that lapped against barnacle-covered stone walls and sloping lawns.

As I approached the eastern end of the bay I took the northern route around a small island that lay in the bay to avoid having to beat back against the wind to get home. The wind eased as I passed the old homes that came down to the water on my starboard hand. Passing silently by a college campus to starboard, I turned west reaching under an arched wooden bridge that joined the island to port with the mainland. The bridge was high enough in the center so that I could sail under without having to lower my mast. I've always gotten a thrill out of sailing under a railroad or highway bridge throughout my sailing life and I think the enjoyment started from this first experience.

Two years after I got my sailboat, my father returned from the 1937 New York Boat Show the proud owner of an 18' wood knockabout. She was truly a "big" boat in my eyes; steady, fast, dry, and roomy. I was intrigued and I sailed with my father whenever I could. My sailboat had gotten older as had I. She no longer was the "apple of my eye." I began to notice her shortcomings that hadn't bothered me before; her tendency to sideslip through the water unlike the knockabout when going to windward, her inability to come about as quickly and easily as she should, the way



she slapped the waves rather than cut through them. Where I had enjoyed the greatest pleasures in sailing my boat before, periods of doubt and annoyance now crept into my weekday outings.

As the summers went by I spent more and more of my vacation time with my peers at the club or racing the knockabout. My morning sails dwindled from several times a week to two or three times a month. The sloop began to look more and more like the ugly rowboats that were her neighbors at the dock. Her rub rail became dinged and scarred from almost constant contact with the bigger and heavier boats, her topsides paint had faded, and too often rainwater filled the bottom of the small cockpit, something I'd never let happen before.

The summer of my last high school year, my father said to me, "I can't find anyone

who wants to buy your boat. You don't use her much anymore and she's too expensive to store ashore and keep painted. I'm sorry but I'm going to have to break her up." I felt a sharp pain in my side at these words. "Break up my boat?" I knew in my heart that this was the last thing I wanted. But I said nothing and made no attempt to sell her myself. Being so occupied with what I thought to be "more important matters," I had almost forgotten my father's warning until one day in late August I noticed him heading with a large sledgehammer toward the back island where my boat was now stored. I turned my head away and talked and laughed louder than usual, the very picture of adolescent nonchalance. Although I was laughing, tears filled my eyes as the sound of splintering wood came to me over the water.

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# The Canadian Field-Naturalist

VOL. LIV

OTTAWA, CANADA, MAY, 1940

No. 5

Tues. 19th. At 7pm yesterday a slight land breeze drove the ice from round the point and left a channel. The net was instantly raised and we started, the channel, however, only extended a mile. We then began to bore through the ice and at last found a fine open channel which with many bars of ice took us to Hay River; afterwards we bored through a great deal of ice with occasional lanes of water and reached here after being 3 hours on the water (6pm). We are encamped on a stony islet about 2 miles from the Sulphur Springs. Much to my surprise the Lake here seems much stronger than towards Big Island. The floes seem unbroken, white and hard; we shall require a breeze of wind ere we can start, as it is impossible to get through such ice. The canoes suffered much damage. We have been troubled with perpetual fogs for the last 3 days. Much of the ice yesterday and today covered with sulphur.

Wed. 20. About 5am a breeze sprung up which cleared a channel outside; it ran far out, but I could not see whether it approached the Presque Isle. I, however, determined on venturing and after breaking some ice, we fortunately reached the Presque Isle, after which we got pretty clear water to Isles aux Mort. A head wind put us ashore on one of les Isles Brule for 3 hours. We then started and reached the house about 10½pm.

Thurs. 21. Gave the men their advances and prepared for starting. Calm and warm.

Fri. 22. Last night and most part of the day blowing a gale from sea, which has undoubtedly cleared our road, as we can see large bodies of ice with the naked eye, driven in. In the evening we made a start and encamped a little beyond the small channel. Mosquitoes awful.

Sat. 23rd. Left at 3am but could not get beyond Rocky Island, owing to strong headwind. The Resolution canoes excessively leaky. Set 2 nets in the evening.

## Crews

1 Baptiste	
2 Ignace	Bow
3 Joseph	
4 Thomas Mistigan	
5 Alfred Laferte	Steer
6 John Fidler	
7 Mur. McLellan	
8 Ham Fisher	
9 Edward Kippling	
10 Don McLeod	
11 George Daniel	
12 Joseph Bouche	
13 Will Reid	
14 Paulet Papino Keish	
15 Jerry Johnson	
4 Copper Indians	

Sun. 24th. About 4am the wind lulled and we made a start but it soon arose again and we were driven ashore at Pt. des Roches (whence we take this Traverse) where we remained all day. The nets set yesterday produced only 6 fish; they cannot be set here owing to the immense quantity of driftwood which lines the shore.

## Chief Factor James Anderson's Back River Journal of 1855 Part 2

Reprinted from *The Canadian Field Naturalist*, May 1940

Mon. 25th. Unable to move from our encampment. Blowing a heavy gale all day with no appearance of its abating. An Indian here says that his band follow a road from near this Mountain to Lake Aylmer; it is through a chain of small lakes with many portages, 6 of them long ones. I wished to follow this road, but unless I can get an additional information shall adopt another which they all represent as longer but perfectly safe and with few portages. This falls on the east of L. Artillery near the Rat Lodge.

Tuesday 26th. Detained still by wind; this delay is most distressing. The men shot a goose, some ducks and gulls. I was in hopes that the Esquimaux Interpreter, might have overtaken us here; had this occurred I should not have regretted this detention.

Wed. 27th. The wind fell a little after 4am and we started immediately. Just after making the traverse it began to blow from the N.E. harder than ever, but we felt little of it among the numerous Islands of Group, but in making some of the Traverses, the canoe shipped water. The evening is delightfully calm and serene.

We are encamped about 8 miles from Pt. Keith, at 8-1/2pm. The view from a high rock near our encampment is of extraordinary beauty. On this rock was a nest (last year) of Fishing Eagles, composed of sticks, hay and moss. Set 2 nets. Saw some Canada Geese with their young ones. I may add here that Back's description is generally correct, and that I do not intend to repeat his descriptions. I, however, think that he has estimated the height of the Rocks too highly.

Thurs. 28. A fine day with one or two showers. Wind rather strong ahead. Back mentions that the rocks are from 200' to 2000' in height; the highest estimate that both Mr. Stewart and myself have formed is 500' feet and this is only in one or two instances; his descriptions otherwise are correct. The Cut Rocks (Trap, etc.) strikingly resemble those in Nipigon Bay, Lake Superior. 3 peaks indistinctly seen by Back in the bay between Pethenent and the East coast, I perceive are portions of a considerable Island. There are many Islands along the East coast not noticed in the map. Many plants are now in flower, but they are all to be found in the valley of the McKenzie. I have therefore collected only a few of the rarest. We left our encampment at 3am and encamped at 9pm at the N.E. end of Tal,tet,la (a strait which does not freeze during the winter) on an island called the "Bag."

Our nets produced 8 White fish and a very fine trout; they were set again tonight. We met with a little ice in this strait. and I fear we shall be stopped tomorrow as it appears unbroken in the distance. I saw an eagle's nest; the young eagles were peering over the edge.

Frid. 29th. Young ice formed last night and we could not leave till the sun had some effect on it and the old ice which when cemented together is as strong as ever. We embarked at 6am and after breaking through some ice put on shore at high rocky island where we remained till 12 o'clock, then made a move but after proceeding two or 3 miles put on shore again, as the ice was still too strong. Starting again at 3pm. The ice was now breakable and we found occasional pools of water. We managed to reach a small stream about 15 or 16 miles from the Mountain portage, a road leading to the Barren Lands and L. Aylmer. Back rejected this route as impossible, but as it is the only chance we have of reaching the Thleury-cho in time to descend to the sea I have determined on adopting it. The head of the lake is still firm and the other lakes (Artillery, Clinton, Colden, etc.) will probably be still unbroken. This mountain route is a chain of small lakes with many portages. Our nets produced nothing. It was curious to see the men at this date on the ice chopping a road. Mr. Stewart took a meridian altitude where we breakfasted which gave 62-47-11 Latitude.

Sat. 30. Calm and clear. The ice froze in a mass last night and we could not attempt to leave before 2pm.; it is thicker than what we saw yesterday and bore the men easily; it was from 1 to 2-1/2 feet thick; by dint of chopping and pushing pieces apart we made about 3 miles when it became so thickly packed that I could not venture to proceed further without risking the destruction of the canoes. We encamped at 5pm within sight of our last encampment. The men went to hunt but nothing was killed except a goose and a white partridge; the latter had only half its plumage changed. At 6pm Ther: in the air shaded 59; in water near the shore 39. Our nets yielded nothing. On account of the ice none were set tonight.

Sunday July 1. The wind arose (NE) rather fresh and by driving away the ice permitted us to leave. We made about 2 miles and were again driven ashore till half past 3 when by breaking through some ice we got paddling till 9pm (breaking occasionally through ice) when we were brought to a stop by an impenetrable pack opposite Kah-oo-chellah or Rabbit Point. The wind blew very fresh from 2 to 7 o'clock and has broken up the ice which had not previously moved. The rocks on the mainland (W'y) are higher than any we have seen, the ascent is sloping; I think that the highest does not exceed 700 feet. Most of the rocks are in a state of disintegration; they appear to be of granite and trap; the process is easily seen, the rocks are in layers of about five feet thick; the upper layer is split into quadrangular pieces; water enters into these cracks, freezes and splits off the outside one, so that at last the whole of the under layer, which is perfectly rounded and smooth,

is covered with these rocks. In process of time the angles are worn off and they have much the appearance of boulders. This may explain why boulders apparently are found on high mountains without having recourse to either water or ice. The islands are apparently of trap and resemble very much those in Nipigon Bay; they have many peaks with a cut face to the north. The water is of immense depth even close to shore. Only a few ducks and geese are seen, and a chance gull and a few small birds. I have not seen the Cypress (Bankivan Pine) since leaving Resolution. We passed two insignificant streams today.

Monday, July 2, 1855. Obliged this morning to make a portage 1/2 mile previous to embarking, after which we only met with two banks of ice. We embarked at 3am and reached the "Mountain Portage" at 8-1/2am. We passed one insignificant stream about 2 miles from the portage and another falls into the Bay where the portage commences. This portage is an ugly business, it is almost a continual ascent for over 1500 feet. In the first place a portage of about 1/2 mile is made to a pond of about a mile in length which I have named . . . .

Another portage is then made (over these mountains) of about 3 miles to a small like now named . . . . The whole of the loadings with the canoes were rendered by 10pm and the men are now laughing over their day's work. The general direction of our route today about NW. Lat. of the head of the portage 63-46-19 by a Meridian observation of Mr. Stewart's. Moostigues or sand flies and mosquitoes dreadfully annoying.

Tues. 3rd. The men only got to bed about 11-1/2 o'clock last night; I therefore allowed them to sleep till 6-1/2am. We crossed a small lake (about 1/2 mile across) and made a portage to another lake about 3 miles in length. From the top of one of the highest mountains perhaps 1000 feet above the level of Slave Lake, I had a fine view of that body of water (there seems still to be a good deal of ice in it) and counted no less than 15 small lakes or tarns. The interior is inconceivably rugged and desolate. The mountains are riven in every shape. Only a few dwarf spruce and birch are to be seen, and scarcely even a bird to enliven the scene. Labrador Tea is in full flower and some berries are nearly full size. The first portage was about a mile in length, and, of course, from the steep ascents and the ruggedness of the country, very fatiguing. We then made 2 short portages and crossed 2 small tarns; we then made a portage of about 3/4 mile which, tho' it had some steep ascents, was less rugged than the others. It is thickly carpeted with Reindeer Grass and from their vestiges appears to be a favourite haunt of those animals. This brought us to a lake where we encamped at 7-1/2 pm as the men, tho' in good spirits, seem pretty well done up with their last 2 days exertions. Set 2 nets as the Lake is said to abound in Trout.

Wed. 4. Began to load at 3am. Our nets produced nothing. We made 8 portages today, most of them short and about 35 miles of lake route. The lakes are getting larger and the height of the mountains is diminished. Wood is fast disappearing. The whole country is clothed in Reindeer Moss, and is evidently much frequented by those animals. It is now utterly lifeless with the exception of a very few birds such as robins, loons and eagles. The water in the lakes is of crystal purity; they are said to abound in fine trout and W. Fish; we, however, have caught none. We passed through a lake about 7 miles in length.

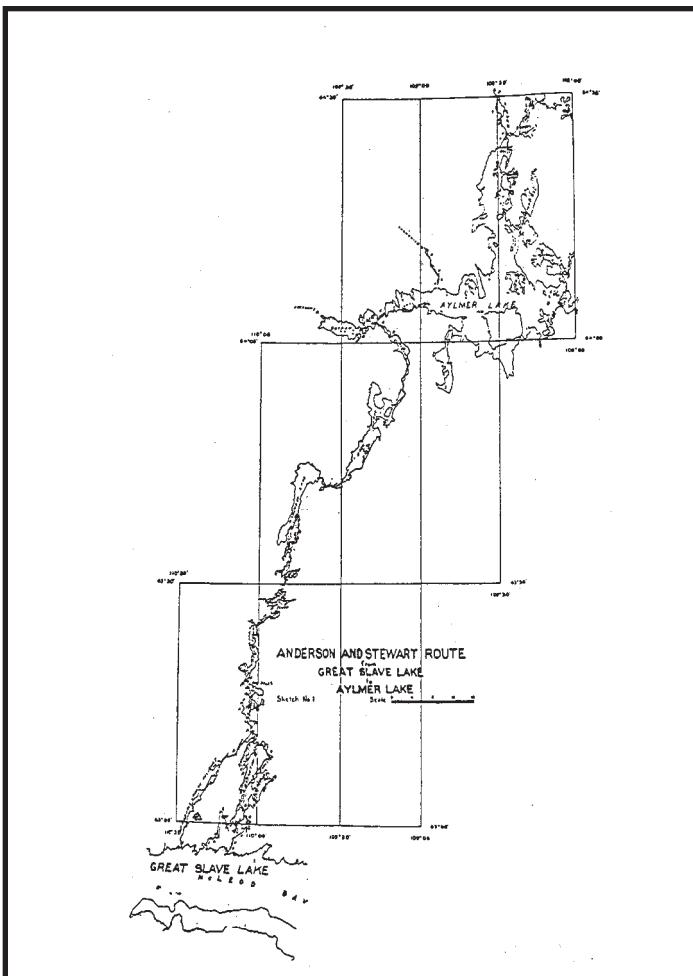
which empties itself into Slave Lake by a very rapid river (unnavigable). A little to the NE of the mountains at the head of this lake we found banks of snow still 10 ft. thick. A little before encamping we passed through a large body of water, broad and 10 miles in length. Another lake empties itself into it by a fine fall of (Spent up to this date 3 bags Pem'n, 2 bags flour. Opened one of each at midday today 4th) about 50 feet in height; it passed through a door like cut in the rocks. We encamped a little beyond this at 7-3/4 p.m. Set the nets. Weather is very warm and mosquitoes and sand flies dreadful; a slight breeze today gave us some relief. I shall for the sake of reference name all the lakes we pass through, but not those I see from high mountains; they are innumerable, of all sizes and at every elevation. Saw some old Indian encampments (last year's of 11 Lodges). Lat. of the portage where snow was seen by a M. ob. of Mr. Stewart's. 64-4-52. The general direction of our route is (compass) a little to the W. of North.

Thurs. 5th. Begin to load at 3am. We are very unlucky; the nets set last night produced nothing. We made 6 portages, two of them about 1/2 mile each in length the others short, and about 47 miles through lakes; two of these were 12 and 13 miles in length, two of 5 and 7, 2 others very small. We are now encamped about half way in a large lake full of islands; we saw divers and gulls in it as well as white partridges in their brown garb, and traces of marmots are also seen at our present encampment. A fine salmon trout and a pike were taken; the one with a line, the other shot. The appearance of the country is less savage. The mountains (Granites) now rise gradually and rarely exceed 100 to 200 feet in height; their rounded summits are covered with moss and debris of rock, the same process of disintegration is going on with the next layer. Some gravelly islands and sandhills were seen. Wood is getting rare indeed; we cooked breakfast with a kind of heath today; it burns well. The weather is excessively warm but an aft wind tempered the heat and helped us on our way; it also kept down the mosquitoes and sand-flies a little, in the evening however they were in clouds. Set the net again. Encamped at 9-1/2pm, men rather tired. The canoes are very heavy, particularly mine, it takes 6 men to carry her. Our route today was crooked but the general di-

rection is NW. Compass. The water from this lake runs towards Lake Aylmer.

Friday 6th. Began to load at 5-1/2am having given the men a little extra sleep. The Indian took us into a Bay yesterday evening and we lost 3/4 hour in getting to the proper road. The remainder of the lake was free from islands; in some parts we had a clear horizon; it is a splendid body of water. Some rocks were still covered with ice and patches of snow were seen, throughout the day; it is evident that the ice has only lately broken up. This lake is 23 miles in length and perhaps 8 or 10 in width in most parts. We ran the canoes down two short pieces of river but the pieces were carried as they were both shallow. This brought us to the largest lake we have yet met with. We encamped on it after making about 30 miles. The mountains are now gently sloping hill, some sand hills were seen in both lakes. Wood is very scarce; a patch of moderate sized spruce was, however, seen in this lake, but with this exception it is about 2 ft. or 3 f. in height; the trunks are shaped like carrots at this encampment the trees are like walking sticks (the largest) and about 1-1/2 feet in height. We shall leave even this tomorrow. A marmot was seen and six white grouse with 2 Canada geese (mouthing) killed. We were alarmed a little before encamping by seeing our road apparently barred by ice; fortunately we found a passage around it; it was a broad belt traversing the lake. One of our best men is sick; he has injured his testicle in some of the portages. Weather extremely warm. Flies as usual. Encamped at 8-1/2 pm.

(To Be Continued)



I have a doctorate in educational psychology and have long studied the sundry processes of learning and the incredible variances in learning styles. Some of us learn by reading, some by listening, some by observation, and some seemingly by osmosis. The one methodology spewed forth by many scholars, who obviously never sailed a boat in their lives, is experiential learning. These lubbers subscribe to the theory that one learns best by active, hands-on participation in the activity.

Bob Bitchin, the irreverent publisher of *Latitudes and Attitudes*, once wrote, "Good judgment comes from experience. Experience comes from Bad Judgment". I think he hates experiential learning as much as me. Trust me, I have had more than my fair share of this method of sailing education.

Those of you who have managed not to gag on my previous vexations know of my deep and personal repulsion of all things rope. Now I know that all you old salts and sea dogs are sniveling about someone designating shrouds, stays, rodes, and halyards as ropes. Sorry, folks, but that is what it is, dammit. I have hurled a plethora of rope over the side attempting to anchor unattached bitter ends. I have lost mounds of coils of rope when turning turtle in deep water. I have indeed capsized with sundry strands of the stuff wrapping around my ankles and/or broken at the mast in foul weather. I truly hate all things hemp (except smoking it as a frat rat at Upper Iowa University).

Only hoses rank close in the category of disdain. Hoses manage to curl into knots as one pumps the bilge, creating an environment where only a couple of finger lacerations and three or four contusions and abrasions result. All hoses, whether gas, water, hydraulic, or other types, are incredibly inflexible at the moment one requires flexibility or flexible when one need rigidity. My dislike of all hoses comes from experiential learning. I did, however, invest in Johnson and Johnson to make fiduciary gain from my requisite Band Aids.

Experientially I have learned that standing up in a small dinghy is unwise. Unfortunately, while one can learn from one's mistakes, a wise person learns from other's mistakes. I, however, have needed several experiences to learn this particular lesson. Worse yet, my pocketbook has been justly punished by experientially learning about properly securing a free standing mast. Tip

## Experiential Learning

By Stephen D. Regan

over and mast, boom, and mainsail go into the depths. With the able assistance of the Linn County Search and Recovery team we made a series of cold water dives in November and still could not recover these items. The following spring a friend did recover these items and this was a lesson learned. Yeah, learned until the next sail when I repeated the whole thing all over again. OK, I am a slow, slow learner. PhD or not. I learn slowly, especially experientially.

Iowa is hardly the sailboat center of the universe. My first dinghy was purchased in Canada from the esteemed Roger Poole whose father developed the Boatex line. Yet again I learned the hard way that trying to transfer a boat from the Canadian city of Toronto to the wilderness of Iowa is impossible. Evidently the Border Patrol of the Homeland Security Department (am I the only one who finds the name "Homeland Security" reminiscent of Nazi Germany?) decided that anything nautical was probably a weapon of mass destruction. Six months of pain, suffering, and despair elapsed before the beautiful boat arrived.

Later, when I had experientially learned that masts, booms, and sails can be lost when a boat is sailed invertedly, obtaining replacements was worse than acquiring the boat vis a vis crossing the border. Never, never again shall I buy Canadian, not because of the northern neighbors or their border policies, but because of our border crossing policies which appear to view any and all of us as potential terrorists and those possessions we try to bring home with us as potential bomb components. Experientially I learned that to be an American means I must buy American.

Some person whom I perceived to be a moron uttered the cliché that a person who owns a boat has only two good days, the day it is purchased and the day it is sold. It was quite apparent to me that this somewhat wealthy but intellectually challenged fool had no clue about boating on a limited budget and that the desire to have the biggest and fastest and classiest boat on the water probably did cost him an arm and a leg, furthermore

the more "stuff" on a boat the more that will break down. A simple dinghy sailboat could not possibly be expensive. Oh, yes. Yet another lesson learned experientially.

One buys a dinghy, even an inexpensive one such as my wonderful Boatex 12, and then has to buy a trailer, then add a jack stand, or two since a handle will invariably break off when turning too tight a corner attempting to get out of the driveway. Rope is originally bought in small packages but measuring once and cutting twice will eventually lead to buying it in bulk. I have left enough rope on the bottom of Pleasant Creek Lake to supply the cotton and nylon industry for a full year.

But I truly enjoy purchasing jack stands in bulk lots. When making sharp turns to back into a driveway, or as I did once trying to turn around in a cornfield (get directions before taking your boat to a repair shop... only in Iowa can one miss the turn and end up in a cornfield), one can destroy handles with incredible ease. They could have been made from plastic for all I seem to handle (pun intended). Incredible as it may seem I have managed to destroy four jack stands in two years. Now I use a cinder block. They are a lot cheaper.

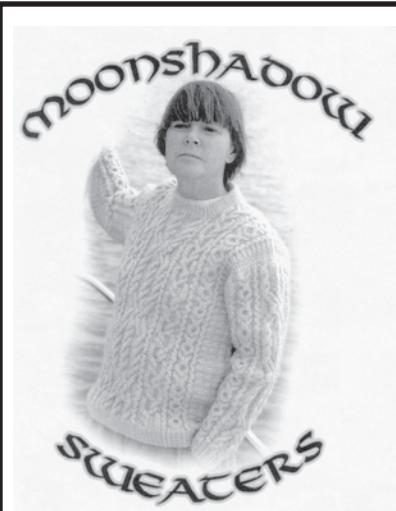
Once upon a time at the Minnesota Messabout a friend forgot a boom for his boat. Finding a forked limb from a nice hardwood, he quickly fashioned a boom, colorfully decorated with colored twine he just happened to have along. Lesson: look around, one can find stuff when it is needed. He also demonstrated that a good application of duct tape can patch a torn sail, make a stopper knot, compress badly swollen injuries, and serve as a Band Aid. Eat your heart out, Red Green.

The *Genny Sea*, my Potter 15, was taken to the lake to switch from an old trailer to a newer one, a seemingly easy task except where my wife is involved. First, I forgot that the two trailers required different size hitch balls but we evidently avoided some semblance of catastrophe because of a Guardian Angel or something. The Potter was safely into the water when my wife decided that she had completed her duties and promptly left, taking the car with my tool kit, lines, bumpers, and tie-down straps.

Upon attempting to ease the boat onto the new trailer I discovered that the guide bunks were too closely spaced and the boat simply did not fit. No problem, simply call the Fickle Finn and have her return. But my phone was also in her car. I forced the boat to about a 45° angle on the trailer, tied it down with the shrouds, and very, very slowly drove the 15 miles home. Yet another example of experiential learning that I will never, ever share with my friend Mississippi Bob, who already acknowledges that he can see no smidgen of learning gained during my 12 weeks of Navy Boot Camp. He simply nodded knowingly when he heard I was assigned to an Army Post after my initial Navy training.

A proud agnostic who has a bumper sticker saying, "Agnostic: you don't know and neither do I," Mississippi Bob brings out rosary beads, St Christopher medals, and lights candles to the Blessed Virgin when he knows that I am about to sail. He also warns his colleagues at the Coast Guard.

Well, I have adjusted the bunks and am about ready to face the Minnesota Messabout folks. My ready excuse to my experiential learning is that I am old, I am an eccentric PhD, and I am from Iowa. Still, wouldn't it have been easier to take a class or something?



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### The Discovery

My father spotted the rowboat in his business sales travels. He told us about it at the dinner table one night when I was 11. I wonder if my grandfather's announcement that he had bought a Lyman runabout that December had given Dad the incentive to get a boat of his own. We all enthusiastically endorsed his idea to buy it.

"It needs a lot of work," he said.

"That's OK," I said. "We'll help."

So one spring afternoon we came home from school to discover a wooden rowboat dropped on the ground next to the big pine tree by the driveway. One of the drivers who worked for Dad had snagged it with a crane truck. The paint was flaking off and there were rust stains. She was just over 12' long with three thwarts. Between them on the gunwales were bronze oarlocks. There were also removable elevated floorboards to keep feet and gear out of the bilge water. She was clinker built. A brass plate on the top of the bow showed the name of the Merrimac River boat yard that had built her in Amesbury, Massachusetts, where I learned later many classic wooden skiffs were built. Heavy to start with, with sturdy wood construction, she was to become like cast iron once swollen up with salt water. My mother and father between them got the boat off the ground and mounted upside down on horses.

"Now, we work on the bottom," he said.

### Prepping Her Hull

Over weekends that spring we gave her a good workover with paint scrapers and coarse sandpaper to get off the peeling paint and loose chunks of putty out of the seams. Then, with hammers and old screwdrivers with paint-stained shafts, we tapped fluffy lengths of cotton caulking into the wide seams on the bottom. We had seen *The Wizard of Oz* recently and, for some reason, I started to hear Dorothy singing "the-house-began-to-pitch" again and again as I beat in the caulking in six-tap stanzas. I told my sister Jill about it and she started six-tapping to the song, too. Under the tall white pines the work went quickly. I enjoyed seeing the furry caulking disappear neatly as the screwdriver tip pushed it home. Later we used putty knives to push lead/linseed oil putty on top of the seams to seal them and bring the bottom to a gratifyingly smooth plane.

As we worked on the boat Dad speculated about our upcoming seafaring adventures. I remember a comment he made which, by today's standards, is sexist. But we cannot judge a man's speech by standards different from his own time. Dad was talking about all the fish my brothers and I would catch with him and places we could visit by rowing around the harbor. Jill and my mother were conspicuously absent from these prospective adventures.

"What will I be doing, Daddy?" Jill asked.

"You'll be in the kitchen helping your mother clean the fish we catch," Dad said. Needless to say, Jill took a dim view of this aspect of my father's projections!

Then came the exciting day we were ready to paint the bottom. My father brought all of us out, even six-year-old Mitch. We all gamely took our turn stirring the paint. I'm sure none of us was much help, but now that I've done boat work with my own sons, nieces, and nephews, I know that the willing assistance of children is excellent companionship. It also pays dividends later as the children grow in strength, capability, and experience.

## Cape Cod Harbors

### Launch of the Happy

By Rob Gogan

"Dad, what should we name her?" I asked. He didn't have anything in mind so he asked us for suggestions.

"How about the *Happy*?" Mitch suggested. I thought it was a silly name. I was hoping for something more reflective of seaworthiness and maritime vigor like my grandfather's *Impulse*, a sudden powerful urge that drives forward through the waves.

"That's a very good name, Mitchie. I think we'll call her the *Happy*," Dad said. So the *Happy* it was. We restored the *Happy*'s original red bottom with a fresh coat of marine-growth-inhibiting, copper-fortified paint. I was gratified to see the paint covering up the seams I had caulked. The rest of the boat was harder to paint than the bottom, especially the interior. It took more than a gallon of battleship gray to cover all the floorboards and thwarts. Dad did the subsequent coats. When he was finished with her she had neat lines marking the transitions from red bottom to white sides to gray interior. The big question was, would she float?

### She Rides High and Dry

The moment of truth came a few weeks later when my father brought her down to the Cape. We had arrived at our grandparents' house with my mother the day before in the "beach wagon," as my parents called our faux wood-sided station wagon. My father came down with the boat on a pickup truck borrowed from the company, its stern protruding nearly half its length out the back. He backed the truck over the lawn grass and onto the beach as close to the water as he could. Then we all took hold of the gunwales and walked her upside down the last 50 feet. My father, at the stern, kept walking right into the water despite wearing canvas sneakers. Dad had us set her down on the beach and we gently flipped her over. We pushed her into the water, sliding her gingerly over the wet sand and algae-covered rocks until she was completely afloat. The bilge was still dry.

Dad had us go get the oars, the anchor, and the line out of the truck. We also got the fishing rods and life preservers. Dad stayed with the boat, keeping it deep enough to stay off the beach rocks, inspecting the bilge for leaks. I realize now that in addition to satisfying himself that he had done a good job, he must have been concerned that my grandfather think so, too. Grandie owned the company where Dad worked, so he was Dad's boss as well as his father-in-law.

After launching, we rowed out to water deep enough to set the anchor and eat lunch in the boat under the late June sun. Happily for my sister, Jill was also welcome to join us males on the water for the christening ride. My father had admonished us to get "brown as a berry" as he strongly associated a suntan with good health in those days. We never wore lotion that summer, though we sometimes wore hats to keep cool. How times have changed since then!

After floating in the *Happy* for half an hour without seeing any visible seepage, Dad

permitted himself to feel assured that there were no leaks. "Not one drop," he said to me quietly with pride. "Good thing you caulked it so well, sport. Good thing you scraped and painted so well, Jill and Mitch." We shared the satisfaction of the accomplishment. "And if she doesn't leak now, when the wood's still dry, she won't ever leak," he said. "The wood swells up with water and the boards will press tighter and tighter against each other at the seams," Dad explained. We bobbed at anchor under a crystal blue sky, eating the tuna sandwiches my mother had wrapped in waxed paper.

Dad decided to head in before Mitch got bored. I asked if Jill and I could take the *Happy* out rowing on our own. "OK, but don't go out past the flags," he said, indicating the pole-mounted pennants 100' offshore. My grandfather maintained these to mark the treacherous boulders that were underwater in all but the lowest tides. Jill and I took turns rowing. We had had rowing lessons at camp the year before so we mostly knew what we were doing. The boat was heavy and slow but she held to a straight course, even when buffeted by contrary winds or waves. I was stronger than Jill and showed off a little by stroking hard and creating a little wake. The bow wave made a gratifying splash when I reached the deepest part of each stroke. Dad had come back out onto the beach to watch us finish our row as he smoked a cigarette. We decided to row back to the beach and set out her anchor far enough out that she would still float at low tide, as Dad had told us. Then we hopped over the side and waded to shore.

Back on the beach, watching the *Happy* ride high on her anchor with a few drops of water sparkling on her freshly-painted gunwales, I admired her lines with Dad. I decided that Mitch had picked a good name for her after all.

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## The International Scene

About eight large container ships serve the US East Coast's four major ports but it has been suggested that articulated tug/barge teams could handle feed containers into and from only two of these ports. This would allow the big box boats to run slower (using less fuel) while maintaining existing schedules. This would save about \$40 million a year.

Urgently needed are 4,000 mariners with experience on ice-class vessels. That was the main news from an international conference held at St Petersburg, Russia.

According to an authoritative London newspaper, those 15 British sailors and marines captured by the Iranians really were inside Iran's waters, the US-led coalition in Iraq had unilaterally declared a border without notifying Iran.

The Philippines has joined several other nations in banning single-hulled tankers. Its ban went into effect on May 1. Worldwide, the ban doesn't take effect until 2010.

Relief for Tropical Cyclone Nargis-stricken Myanmar (once called Burma) will have problems in receiving aid by sea because all of the container cranes in the port of Thilawa were put out of service and will need to be replaced. The port, one of very few in the country, was purpose-built near the former capital city of Yangon (once called Rangoon).

## Thin Places and Hard Knocks

**Sinkings:** The 11-man crew of the cargo vessel *Tel Tale II* took to life rafts after cargo shifted on their ship, causing it to list and then capsize about 300 miles south of Puerto Rico. Thanks to their EPIRB they were rescued by the tanker *Aegean Angel*.

**Groundings:** The powered-barge *Shikkan* got out of the channel and went aground while leaving the Russian port of Podporozhye, perhaps because the helmsman had trouble seeing over a pile of 1,386 tonnes of birch logs.

At Melbourne, Australia, the container ship *Francois Gilot* lost power and was aground for two hours.

In Denmark the master, second officer on duty, the pilot, and a pilot trainee weren't paying attention or communicating so the crude oil tanker *Minerva Concert* went aground in the Hatter Barn Channel. It took four days of work to get her off.

**Collisions:** The bulker *Sibulk Innovation* collided with another vessel in a Singapore anchorage and took on water. No sinking, though.

In misty weather off Hong Kong the container ship *Hubstella* and the chemical tanker *World Dynasty* collided. It was that port's second collision in two weeks.

At Savannah, Georgia, the *CSCL Ningbo* broke free of its moorings and drifted downriver, eventually colliding with the moored *Vechhio Bridge* before tugs could grab the errant ship.

The Hong Kong freighter *Shinyo Sawako* collided with the Chinese fishing vessel *Lurongyu 2177* off Southern Japan and three fishermen died.

**Breakdowns:** About 1,200 miles off the US East Coast the Belgium-bound empty car carrier *Sea Venus* had an engine room fire. The automatic CO<sub>2</sub> fire-extinguishing system worked the way it was designed and the dead vessel was towed to Halifax by a harbor tug (reportedly short of both food and fuel) after the Canadian frigate *HMCS Toronto* took off most of the big ship's crew.

**Fires and Explosions:** In Denmark, an explosion on the moored tanker *Amalie*

## Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

left two workers with bad burns. They were helicoptered ashore.

At Rotterdam different cargoes got into a tank on the tanker *Stolt Innovation* and started to disagree. The ship was towed to a position four miles off Rotterdam. There the chemicals were allowed to react for two days. Temperatures and pressures declined to safe levels so the tanker was towed back into the harbor.

## Gray Fleets

Russia plans to have five or six aircraft carriers by 2050-2060 as the basis of carrier task groups and will begin construction of the flat-tops in 2012-2013. That nation has also put back into service one of the most feared Cold War threats, the titanium-hulled nuclear-powered attack Sierra II-class submarine *Nizhny Novgorod*. It and several sisters have been mothballed since 2000 because there were no funds for upkeep. And Russia will supply most of the \$1 billion needed for building four Kilo-class diesel submarines for Venezuela. A Kilo is considered one of the quietest subs in the world.

India will feel naked for the next 16 months because Russia will fail to deliver a refurbished Soviet carrier on time and India's sole aircraft carrier will be in scheduled maintenance and out of service. India has begun to review its efforts directed towards building a nuclear submarine. Also part of the review is the purchase of two Akula-class nuclear attack subs from Russia.

China has been building a large naval base inside a mountain on the sub-tropical island of Hainan. It is expected that some of China's 57 submarines will be based there.

US Navy ships equipped with the Aegis radar are supposed to be elite ships but the Navy revealed that the destroyer *USS Stout* and the cruiser *USS Chosin* were "unfit for sustained combat operations." Both had radar systems that didn't work properly, the flight decks were inoperable, most of the weapons couldn't be used, and the ships were rusty and leaking oil. One retired flag officer noted, "There's enough commonality between the two to make me think there's some endemic problem in the force."

A South Korean shipyard delivered the 1,300-ton-displacement submarine *Cakra* to Indonesia. The delivery was a first for South Korea.

The French Navy has realized that being good in English is at least as important for a flier as being good in math and science. And that Navy has to recruit 4,000 men and women each year but it's getting harder to do so. Especially hard to enlist are candidates to fill high-level non-commissioned technical positions. Officer candidates, however, are plentiful. France is having problems deciding whether to build an aircraft carrier in conjunction with two being built for the Royal Navy. Its Navy may have to rely on the existing *Charles de Gaulle*, laid down in 1989 but not delivered until 2001.

The British Ministry of Defense has a problem. If it allows one prime contractor (BAE, perhaps) to build two aircraft carriers, it can avoid paying a £700 million (\$1.36 billion) tax bill. But it doesn't want one firm in charge, that might prove even more expensive in the long run. (BAE is famed for its cost overruns.)

## White Fleets

The crew of the Greek cruise ship *Aquamarine* heard a loud noise and discovered a three-foot crack that had just appeared in the topsides. The ship docked safely at the Aegean island of Milos and 1,200 passengers got off.

A sign of the economic times? Florida's Port Canaveral allowed the Disney Cruise Line to sidestep a \$400,000 penalty payment because the line will not be making enough cruise ship calls this year. Like most cruise lines, Carnival announced passenger fare surcharges because of fuel price increases but got into a tussle with the Florida attorney general whether those passengers who had booked before the November imposition of the increase would have to pay the surcharge. He ruled they didn't and refunds will be made.

The Norwegian cruise ship *Pride of Aloha* will not go to Asia after all but will sail out of Miami as the *Norwegian Sky*, its original name.

Most cruises work well for all hands but some didn't. The *Pacific Sun* had engine trouble off the coast of Queensland and hundreds of passengers had plenty of time to admire the nearby Australian scenery.

Up the Columbia River at the John Day Dam, the sternwheeler *Queen of the West* had an engine room fire and lost power but the tug *Challenger* took charge and nobody was harmed.

The *Navigator of the Seas* cancelled calls at Cadiz and Malaga so divers could remove a failed stabilizer at Lisbon.

Two men were charged with sex-related crimes after they allegedly forced a teenage girl and another girl to have sex with them on the *Norwegian Dawn*.

Because of a legal argument, nearly 500 passengers on the *Van Gogh* had to stay on board at Lisbon for two days at the end of a three-month cruise. However, reports said they later debarked at Falmouth "in good fettle."

While the *Brilliance of the Sea* was docking at Miami and unloading its passengers, federal agents were uncovering 16 kilos of cocaine hidden behind ceiling panels in a passenger's cabin.

After the *Aurora* ended a world cruise several hundred passengers were tested for Hepatitis E. Seven passengers had contracted the disease on the 11-week voyage.

## Those That Go Back and Forth

A crossing on any ferry inherently tends to be monotonous but there are exceptions. On the Amazon the ferry *Commandante Sales* sank in a pre-dawn rain when strong currents caused it to capsize and then dragged it downriver about 12 miles. At least 29 of an estimated 110 on board died. The ship had failed an inspection several months earlier.

An hour into a voyage to Hirtshals the Norwegian ferry *Superspeed 3* turned back to offload about a dozen young people who were excessively drunk and rowdy. The Kristiansand Police met the ship.

In Zanzibar the ferry *Seagull* ran aground off the port of Mombasa but was later towed off the reef with a slight list.

The ro/pax *Assalam* ran onto a rock off Morocco and a photo taken a week later showed the sizable vessel listing and half-submerged and a CTL (constructive total loss) has been declared.

The 85 passengers crossing the Solent (on the south coast of the UK) were inconvenienced by an engine room fire on the catamaran ferry *Our Lady Pamela*, especially when she was replaced by a slower vessel.

In Hawaii, the high-speed pax-vehicle ferry *Alakai* went back into service after a spell in a drydock. Some of the repairs done there were scheduled routine maintenance but others were caused by 1) an engine failure of the tugboat inserting the big ferry into the drydock that caused a hull puncture, and 2) misplaced blocking on the drydock floor that damaged the bottom of the ferry.

### Legal Matters

An Iraqi ship and a Korean vessel accidentally broke Red Sea submarine cables last February and that triggered widespread internet outages in the Middle East and India. The Korean ship's owner has paid \$60,000 for damages to Flag Telecom and the Iraqi ship is expected to shell out \$350,000 in damages to another company.

PACCSHIP, a US company with about ten ships, was sentenced to pay \$1.7 million for crimes associated with improper transfers of oily water. Several engineers have already pleaded guilty.

Another US court ruled that Egyptian firm National Navigation Company must pay \$7.25 million for falsification of ships logs about, you guessed, oily water transfers.

And a Coast Guard Chief Warrant Officer pleaded guilty to similar crimes aboard the cutter *USCGC Rush* at Honolulu.

Finally, a three-judge panel of an appeals court (the ultra-liberal 9th Circuit Court of Appeals) upheld the sentence imposed on a Chinese cook who seized a Taiwanese fishing boat and killed the captain and first mate in international waters south of the Big Island. The panel ruled it was "piracy" and that ruling may set a precedent that could allow the US to go after pirates off Somalia, Indonesia, and elsewhere.

### Illegal Imports

Drug smugglers are making increased use of small semi-submersibles, 40 of the inconspicuous vessels were spotted last year and 120 are expected to be spotted this year.

Was it going to unload arms for the Zimbabwe's armed forces or not? That was the international question as the Chinese freighter *An Yue Jiang* carried six containers of arms at sea off Africa in spite of intense pressure from Great Britain and the US. Refused at South Africa's Durban and Namibia's Walvis Bay, it headed for Luanda, capital of Angola, a Zimbabwe ally. There the dockers union refused to touch the arms. So the ship sailed on, there was even a report that it or another ship with the same name had sunk. Later reports stated that it docked at Lobito in Angola but off-loaded only building materials and the ship was heading for Congo Brazzaville. Apparently reports that the COSCO container ship, a firm run by the Chinese government, was heading home were incorrect.

At least five survivors claimed that Moroccan military personnel twice deliberately punctured their inflatable boat saying, "Now go to Spain if you want." Between 29 and 33 migrants, four of them children, drowned only two hours out of Morocco.

### Nature

Harassment by Sea Shepherd and Greenpeace vessels may have kept the Antarctic whale kill to about half the planned numbers. The goal was 850 minke and 50 finbacks but Japanese whalers killed only 551 minke and no fins.

Sea Shepherd next turned its attention to the seal kill in the Canadian Maritimes where its *Farley Mowat* was arrested for various violations. The group aired its conditions for the Canadian Government to release its "yacht," using words like "high seas piracy" and "excessive force," and Sea Shepherd said it would bill the Canadian government \$1,000 a day for each day the ship remains seized. Nevertheless the Mounties proceeded with their cases against the master and first officer.

Greenpeace's *Esperanza* went after fishing boats from South Korea, Taiwan, and the US that it claimed were "plundering" tuna in the Pacific. The on-site Greenpeace leader said that the fishing "is technically not illegal but is unregulated" and "Greenpeace is not a violent campaigning organization" but activists were prepared to "interfere with their physical fishing activities on order for us to save the last tuna stocks."

The US's National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration ruled that Washington, Idaho, and Oregon could cull (preferably non-lethally) up to 85 "individually identifiable" California sea lions each year. The overgrown sea lion population has been eating too many of the salmon and steelhead trout trying to get upstream to spawn. Somebody couldn't wait, the bodies of about half a dozen sea lions were found soon after, each shot with a rifle.

In Tasmania over a decade ago a Little Penguin was thoroughly befooled by a spill from the bulker *Iron Baron*. It was captured, cleaned, and released. It recently died after living twice as long as the average Little Penguin. Which leaves one question: Does a dose of bunker oil promote avian longevity?

### Metal-Bashing

Chinese steelmakers raised the price of steel to over \$1,000 a ton, an increase of about 65%. That is rippling through the ship-building business since materials account for about 75% of the cost of a new ship.

In India at Alang business at the famed ship breaking beach is way down. Workers, once numbering 40,000, have dwindled to about 5,000 migrant workers due to lack of regular incomes and pressures from court rulings on the owners of the 173 plots used for scrapping. But elsewhere ship scrapping increased last year with Pakistani breakers demolishing 44 ships as compared with 22 ships last year. This year's goal is 88 ships.

One out of every five bulkers on order will (many hope) somehow get built at yards that last year didn't exist a year ago. And half the orders are still seeking financing.

### Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Capture of the three-masted French yacht/luxury cruise ship (32 staterooms) *Le Ponant* by Somali pirates triggered quick responses by France even though the pirates only wanted ransom money and were operating in accordance with a "good conduct" guide. The pirates were local militiamen who borrowed two speedboats from local fishermen to defend the coast and do some fishing. First they captured a Yemeni trawler and made it their base ship. Then they captured the luxury sailing vessel. A ransom of \$2 million was agreed upon (\$50 for each villager and \$11-20,000 per pirate) but French special forces swooped in and captured six men as

they tried to escape in a 4x4. They soon appeared in Paris.

The British Foreign Office advised the Royal Navy not to detain any pirates, breaches of their human rights might be involved because, if sent back to Somalia, beheadings might await them. Besides, detained pirates might claim asylum in Great Britain. The Foreign Office's advice? "The main thing is to ensure that any incident is resolved peacefully."

The Spanish tuna boat *Playa de Bakio* was seized by four Somali pirates while fishing 250 miles off the Somalia coast. The captain was telling folks at home that they were all right when the handset was snatched from his hand by a pirate who then told listeners that he was a member of the Somalia militia and they wanted "money."

Again off Somalia, the food-carrying Dubai-flagged *Al-Knaleet* was taken by pirates. Somali troops stormed the ship and arrested seven pirates. (They faced the death penalty but got life sentences.) Next on the military's list of objectives was the *Playa de Bakio*.

A vessel from the United Arab Emirates unloaded at least 40 Toyota sport utilities, a vehicle often equipped with heavy weapons and converted into "technicals," the Somalia version of a tank. Rumors had it that the vehicles may have been funded by the CIA and mining exploration rights may somehow be involved.

Sub-regional nations will soon implement an agreement to fight piracy in the western Indian Ocean. Participating in drafting the agreement were Djibouti, Egypt, Comoros, Oman, Tanzania, Yemen, Kenya, South Africa, Somalia, Saudi Arabia, Seychelles, Sudan, Mozambique, Maldives, Ethiopia, Eritrea, Jordan, and Madagascar.

Elsewhere pirates attacked the Thai tanker *Batravarin 2* in Malaysian waters and managed to steal seafarers' money before escaping.

A South Korean fishing boat and a South Korean bulker were attacked in the Gulf of Aden, two of 13 attacks there so far this year. The bulker was peppered by machine-gun fire and rocket-propelled grenades for about 40 minutes. Also attacked in the Gulf was the large Japanese tanker *Takayam*, which survived a rocket attack by a single small boat. The tanker's master suffered an injury during the attack.

### Odd Bits

A New Zealand-designed system using suction devices is being used to hold large merchant ships in place under container cranes at the Southern Omani port of Salalah. The system reduces the vertical movements of all ships due to monsoon surges from three meters to between 50-100 millimeters and this expedites loading and unloading of containers as well as easing passage of personnel from ship to shore and back.

### Head-Shaker

The master of the cruise ship *Mona Lisa* wanted to give his passengers, mostly elderly Germans, the opportunity for taking close-up photos of the Irben lighthouse boldly sticking up in Baltic 11 miles off the Latvian coast. He succeeded but ran the ship aground on a sand bar with the light conveniently only a ship length away.



# 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*

# Doris... a Delightful Dory Dinghy

By Bob Hicks  
Photos by Bob Mullakey

The first time I saw *Doris*, she was headed full speed onto the gravel beach of Mason's Island in the lower Mystic River in Connecticut. Her owner, Richard Zapf, was running straight downwind on that blustery northwesterly morning at the annual Small Craft Workshop with a nephew aboard the tiny 12' dory as crew. He let everything go as she beached, well up onto the island. Richard was grinning, he loved the way the tiny Swampscott was moving.

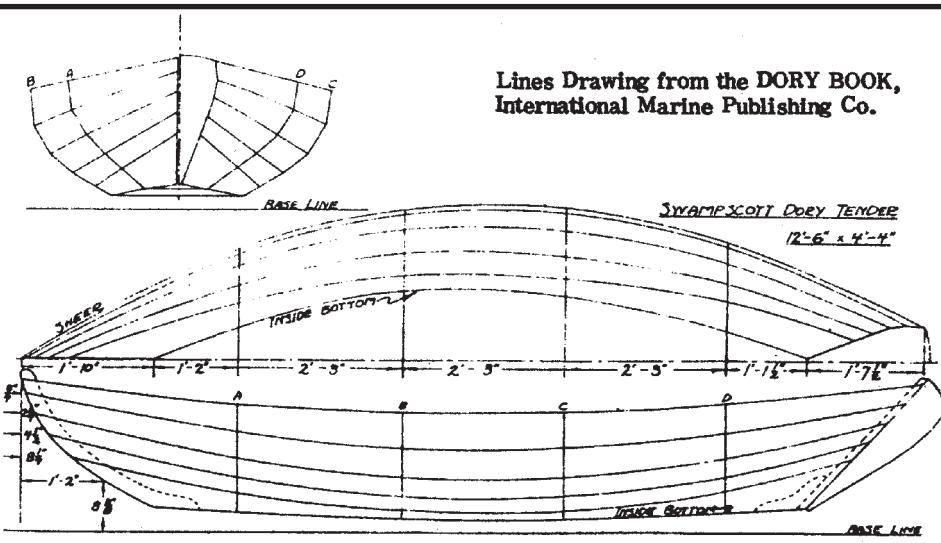
*Doris* was built by Richard from John Gardner's *Dory Book*. Gardner mentions that small dories aren't much good and can be dangerous, but he excepts the Swampscott design due to its rounded sides and narrow bottom, making it behave more like a round bottom dinghy. *Doris* is sort of a Swampscott dinghy, she's a dory all right, 12½' long, 4'4" wide. Zapf has a big spritsail on her and a jib and she goes really well with this quite large (for her size) rig. "*Doris* doesn't row so hot," Richard will tell you, "too short." And when she's reefed she just bobs around, so Richard hardly ever reefs.

"Take her to the TSCA meet," he offered to us. "I haven't sailed her in two years, since I got *Garfield* (his 16' Bolger catboat) afloat. A family of four easily enjoys *Garfield* but *Doris* is happiest with one, she'll carry two but where to put the passenger (crew?) is awkward. When you sail *Doris* you sit on the floor and the two rowing thwarts and centerboard trunk get in the way of a second person on board."

So we brought *Doris* to the Salem TSCA meet and, along with a number of others, enjoyed the tiny dory. She moved well once the breeze came up, handled the short chop from onshore wind and powerboat wakes nicely, tacked handily and heeled over until the quite beamy topsides got a bearing on the water, and stopped there. Several times the jib got hung up on the front end of the sprit, but it's just a short reach to get to that, so no problem.

Richard hasn't gotten around to using *Doris* since *Garfield* was launched, but he's still unable to bring himself to part with her. Loan her to a friend, sell her? Not yet.

Lines Drawing from the DORY BOOK,  
International Marine Publishing Co.





One of the most recognized paintings in American history, *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, is an 1851 oil-on-canvas work by Emanuel Leutze, a German/American artist, commemorating the attack by George Washington's Continental Army on Hessian forces encamped at Trenton, New Jersey, on Christmas Day.

## Small Boats That Changed American History

By Professor Robert L. Dalley (ret)

Yes, the Colonists used the birchbark canoe to execute the Boston Tea Party raid to put the blame on Native Americans. Academic. It was the use, however, of the Durham Boat by George Washington, the 60' Lake Champlain gun boat used by Benedict Arnold, and the dugout used by Francis Marion, (aka the Swamp Fox) that assisted the Revolutionary War victory.

### Massachusetts Fisherman and the Durham Boat

Massachusetts fisherman actually saved the day twice for George Washington. In August of 1776, in the middle of the night the fishermen evacuated Washington, and what was left of his troops after being soundly defeated in a battle, from Long Island to Manhattan before British troops could mop things up the next day. If this evacuation did not occur the revolution may have ended right there.

Then again in December of 1776, with George Washington down to a few hundred teenager troops scheduled to be discharged in eleven days, the same Massachusetts fishermen, in the middle of the night again, ferried Washington's troops in the sleet and rain across the ice flows in the Delaware River. The rag tag army completely surprised professional troops sleeping in Trenton achieving to date the greatest victory over the British.

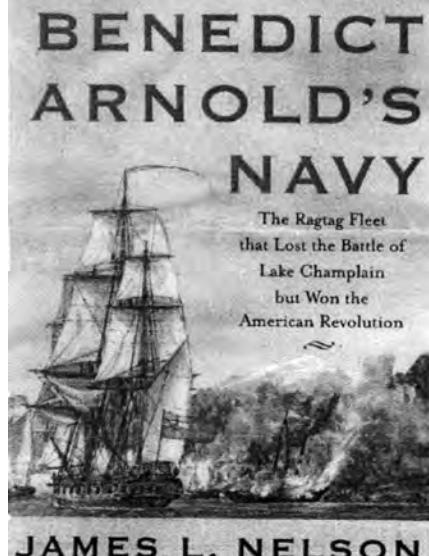
### Benedict Arnold's Navy on Lake Champlain

Before changing sides, Benedict Arnold controlled Lake Champlain with his small 60' gunboats. The British, who had the greatest navy in the world, would have none of this. They spent a year disassembling a battleship on the St Lawrence River, carrying it across New York state, and reassembling it on Lake Champlain. As the British naval ship closed

in on Arnold's Navy, the Colonists brought their boats to shore, burned them, and ran for it. If it had not been for the year Arnold's men spent diverting British attention from Washington in New York City, American history would have been different. One of these Lake Champlain boats with a cannon or two on it can be seen in the Museum of American History in Washington DC. (A replica of one also exists at the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum in Vergennes, Vermont.—Ed)

British Navy ships finishing off Arnold's Navy on Lake Champlain.

"James Nelson is a master both of his period and of the English language."  
—PATRICK O'BRIAN, author of *Master and Commander*



### The Dugout

You may have heard of Francis Marion. He was dubbed the Swamp Fox by General Cornwallis who dispatched five thousand troops to catch Marion, who was raiding British installations in South Carolina. If you have not been to the South Carolina low country, without local knowledge and a dugout you cannot go anywhere. The swamps are impenetrable. General Cornwallis never did catch the Swamp Fox.

The swamps, the "Carolina Low Country" as it is sometimes called, hosted a couple other little-known interesting events in American history. After General Sherman took Savanna in the Civil War, if it had not been for the Catawba Indians guiding Sherman through South Carolina, Sherman and Grant would never have cornered Lee at Appomattox. For their efforts, the Catawba, along with the Cherokee, are the only Native American tribes recognized by the US government in the southeastern United States. The Cherokee Warrier Dragging Canoe should be mentioned here as he never lost a battle with the white man.

There is evidence that Francis Marion used a 20' cypress dugout similar to this.





*Tar Baby* under sail in the '80s.

*Tar Baby* is a very fine example of the work of the great designer John Alden. A true classic wooden vessel, she is a schooner yacht built for cruising and for speed. She was somewhat influenced by the Gloucester fishing schooners that he liked very much. She was originally commissioned for Mr Gilbert Hood of Hood Dairies in 1928. She was launched in 1929.

Mr Hood owned her until 1975 and then sold her to Mr Carl Sherman of Westbrook, Connecticut. She was recently purchased by Portland Yacht Services in Portland, Maine, and is currently being refitted inside one of the buildings that hold the Maine Boatbuilders' Show.

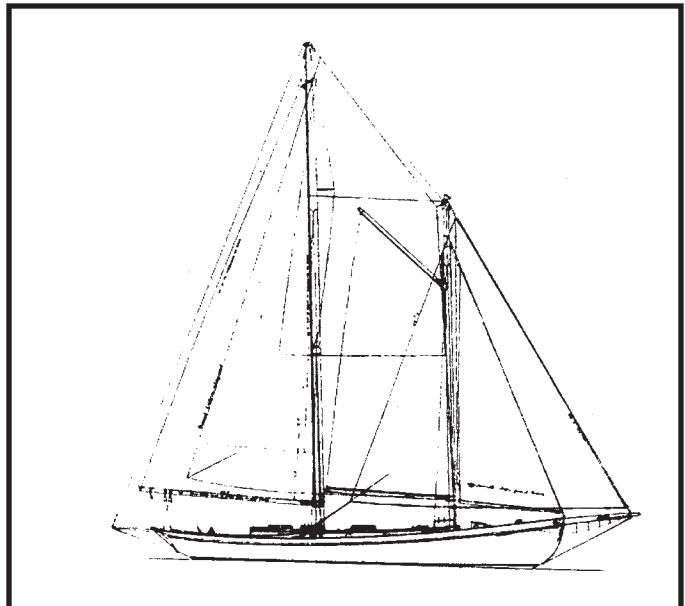
*Tar Baby* is not only well-known for her beautiful design and almost perfect balanced helm, but also for her beautiful interior. Benjamin Mendlowitz, the renowned marine photographer, has a chapter on *Voyager* in his book, *Wood, Water, & Light*. It is essentially the same vessel. Her design and interior have been described in other books and she has been the subject of many magazine articles from launch to present.

*Tar Baby* was the first of nine schooners built to her design #390. She is the last to survive in her original condition. John Alden owned two sister ships to *Tar Baby*, *Abanenaki* and the aforementioned *Voyager*. The lovely and talented Naomi and I found her while at-

The deck in the '80s.



36



Sail plan.

## *Tar Baby*

By Greg Grundtisch



Binnacle, wheel, and seat viewed from forward.

tending the Maine Boatbuilders Show. There was a display with stairs up to a stage from where we could see the restoration and go below and have a look around the interior.

I apologize for not having any of the basic statistics as to materials used in her construction and restoration. I do know the deck is teak and mahogany, the interior is finished with some white paint, and lots, of mahogany, teak, and other hardwoods, finished bright. She has a LOA of 50'1", LWL 39'10", and beam 14'3".

To see more photos or get information, contact the Portland Yacht Services or just search the internet using "*Tar Baby* schooner." This will get the Yacht service website as well as several others, including the American Schooner Association. Happy sails!



*Tar Baby* figurehead.



Deck being refinished.

I wish to give you my ideas on houseboating, attained by long conversations with owners and users of houseboats and by some experiences of my own on which I look back with a great deal of pleasure and look forward to with even greater zeal, as the possibilities and pleasures of houseboating have increased manifold since the advent of the gasoline and kerosene launch. Their range of travel has increased greatly and their radius of pleasure has widened tenfold while at anchor, owing to the distance that can be traveled with the little launch when it is not in use towing the houseboat from place to place.

There are the many little picnics up small streams, in small bays, inlets, etc, that will break the monotony of staying on the houseboat day after day, especially for the younger element of the houseboat party with their romantic ideas of moonlight sails, pleasure fishing, and crabbing trips. I could fill many pages of the magazine telling of the pleasures that lay within the scope of the houseboat dweller. But that is not altogether to my purpose, so I will cite the practical part of this great and healthful means of spending the summer with the sincere hope that it will induce some of you to free yourselves from the country boarding house and cottage habit and join in with the many others who have found an ideal way of spending the summer with its many natural pleasures right at the door, and in all with its really true freedom that can be gotten in no other way.

You will remember a few months ago when you were discussing about where you would take your family for the summer, the many little pleasures you contemplated having such as fishing, boating, bathing, walks, etc. Did you have them? No, you did not. Well then, you did not go houseboating, that's sure, for if you had you would have had all these pleasures. You probably spent your summer at some country boarding house and were compelled to dress for each meal, and the other boarders had the only boat, and it was too far to walk to the best fishing grounds, and if you did walk that talkative boarder, Smith, had to go along and spoil your fun, etc.

And you say that you did not go in bathing because the house was too far from the water and they had no bathing houses, and the nearest place where they did have them was five miles away. The drives and walks were fine, you say. Well, how often did you go out driving? About once a week, as the other boarders had the rig most of the time, and even then that hateful Johnson girl always wanted to go along and you did not want to hurt her feelings, so you let her go, but it would have been more pleasant without her.

Well, my friend, why did you go to that place to spend the summer? You say those places are about all alike. Now, why not try houseboating next year, by preparing for it this coming winter? It will cost you less in the end and you will have a pleasant summer, I warrant you, with all the fishing, bathing, boating, walks, cruises, moonlight sails, and, in fact, all the real pleasures for which a summer vacation is intended. And you will come back with a good thick coating of tan that will fortify you against the winter ills with their trials and doctor's bills, and your children will be healthy and strong, and when your friends come in to spend a winter evening with you, you can tell them of the grand summer's pleasure you and yours have enjoyed, with its many trips, that fine catch of fish, the beautiful moonlight evening's sport on the

## Houseboating and Its Future

By E.W. Graef  
Reprinted from *The Rudder*,  
September 1903

upper deck or in the launch with one of the party playing the banjo, the rest singing, etc.

Your friend may say to you that it is hard to be cooped up in a houseboat when it rains and you will say to him, "Why, no, it isn't, we sat under the awning and fished, or got into our bathing suits and had a swim, etc," and then you will ask him what he did when it rained while he was in the country, and in all probability he will tell you there's no fun when it rains and he simply reads or talks to the other boarders.

There is one thing certain, or nearly so, and that is if you houseboat for one summer you will do so for many summers to come, and the only question that will arise when taking vacation in the spring is "where shall we do our houseboating this summer, on the river, bay, or sound?"

It is a comparatively easy matter to get up a houseboat depending, of course, on the magnitude of your purse as to how large and expensive one you get, and many are the styles, shapes, and kinds to be seen in use in every section of the country. Some are made

from old canal boats, sloops, lighters, scows, old type schooner yachts, and even old steamers, but most all of these lack the comfort and other features very necessary in a houseboat. Yet, nevertheless, these make good boats for places where there is considerable sea running, but it has been found to be about as expensive to rebuild such a boat and fix it up properly as it is to build a new houseboat and get just what you want that is adapted to the locality in which you wish to use it. Besides, you may wish to have some power in the boat so that you can move around without being towed by a launch, but you will find that a good powerful little launch will do very well in most every case as power in a small houseboat is not just the thing as it adds considerable expense, takes up room, and requires considerable care.

To those of you who want a power houseboat I would say, get a power cruiser instead and you will be much better satisfied in the end, and if you are interested in them you can, by looking through the pages of *The Rudder* from month to month, find many designs of which some no doubt will suit you, or at least nearly enough so to help you design one that will. But if you want a houseboat, keep the power out of it unless you have lots of money to spend and wish to keep on the move most of the time.

Don't try to get along without a launch if you have a houseboat as it is one of the chief pleasures for you and your family.

## Friend Ship

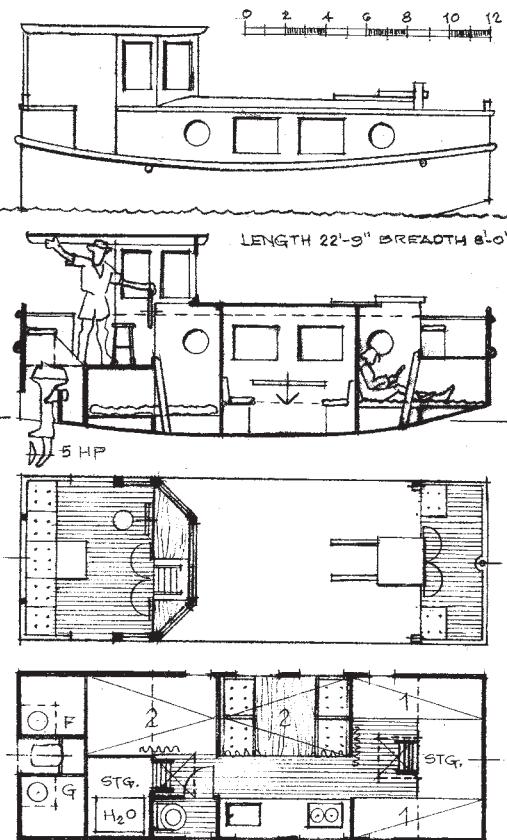
A Design by Philip Thiel NA

Friend-Ship accommodates four boaters in two cabins plus two more in the convertible dinette on dimensions of 22'9" x 8'0". Built of marine plywood and stock softwood with a simple boxlike barge type hull there are a minimum of curved panels and beveled cuts to bedevil the advanced amateur builder, while offering authentic workboat character for canal cruising or exploring sheltered inland waters.

To further simplify matters the 5hp outboard motor could be mounted on a retractable bracket aft of the stern transom, and if low bridges and/or high costs were a problem the doghouse could be replaced by a folding bimini top.

A co-op group of partners based on funding and building shares would reduce individual costs and increase overall usage.

Philip Thiel, NA,  
Sea/Land Design  
4720 Seventh Ave NE,  
Seattle WA 98105 US



Regular readers may recall a piece that I wrote about the joys of small boat sailing in the Midwest in the 1950s and '60s ("In Praise of Midwest Puddle Sailing," Vol 22, No 12, November 1, 2004), but I skipped over the part about the first boat that I sailed there. Recently I came across a photograph of that vessel and was reminded of my first experience with small craft. Indulge me and let me spin you the yarn.

Acton Lake near Oxford, Ohio, is a tiny (about one square mile) man-made puddle of a lake created by the state of Ohio in 1956. With its low horsepower limit small boat sailing quickly became the activity of choice, and by the time I was teenager there were active racing fleets of Thistles, Rebels, Rhodes Bantams, and later Y-Fliers and Windmills. For some odd reason my father, who could barely swim and had no boating experience whatsoever, thought I might like sailing and dragged me out on a friend's Rebel for a few ho-hum sails in light air.

Like most surly teenagers I wasn't interested in boats that didn't have a powerful outboard motor on the transom so I was a reluctant convert at best. However, for some reason the idea of skippering my own sailboat began to have some appeal. In the following spring of 1959 my father announced that a friend had agreed to loan me a boat for the summer on the condition that I cleaned it up a bit and made some rudimentary repairs. I figured that I had nothing to lose and the following day we went to dig the derelict out of the chicken coop where it had been stored for several years.

When we arrived at the friend's farm we could see the green shape of a boat hull under a stack of scrap lumber. The hull was sitting on a homemade trailer made out of an old truck frame with big tires and no fenders and the cockpit was full of chicken guano and rodent nests. We finally extricated the boat from the pile of scrap lumber and dragged it out in the Ohio sunshine for a good look. It was indeed an odd duck. The boat was a non-descript scow, 14' long and almost 5' wide. It was obviously homemade and not all that well-constructed at that. The underbody of the hull was  $\frac{3}{8}$ " plywood nailed over 1"x2" fir frames and the deck was  $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood nailed to a network of deck frames.

Like most inland lake scows it had a narrow cockpit and a large splash rail on the deck just forward of the cockpit. Spars were solid fir and the standing rigging was  $\frac{3}{16}$ " galvanized wire rope attached to the mast tangs and turnbuckles with thimbles and brass wire soldered to hold the loops in place (read on to see how this system fared!). The hull was completely covered in a thick layer of fiberglass cloth and resin and we estimated the weight at about 600lbs, rather heavy by anybody's standards for a 14' boat.

The boat was sloop rigged with a Ratsey & Lapthorn mainsail and jib made out of cotton sailcloth. I later estimated that the total sail area was about 120sf. Given the weight and surface area the boat was under-canvassed, but for a rank novice it also made the boat more forgiving in the heavier air we later encountered and we never capsized it in the two summers we sailed her. The centerboard was  $\frac{1}{4}$ " steel plate. The running rigging was all  $\frac{1}{4}$ " diameter three strand twisted hemp and there were no cleats or snubbing winches for the main and jib sheets. Most of the metal fittings were of the hardware store variety but there were a few Wilcox &

## The No-Name Scow

By Alan Glos



Crittenden bronze cleats and blocks in key areas. This was no "gold platter" by any measure, but the dark green paint job with white trim was inviting and, for the summer at least, she was all mine.

The trailer tires were flat (of course) but we found a bicycle pump and got enough air in them to make the drive back to my parent's home over the back roads, beyond the prying eyes of the local constabulary. We had borrowed a bolt-on bumper hitch that by sheer luck had the right size ball attached to it. Naturally we had no lights, safety chains, etc, but this was farming country and the roads were full of jury-rigged towable vehicles.

When we got it home the first order of business was a thorough cleaning inside and out. We hosed out what must have been a few bushels of chicken droppings, straw, and rats nests and the odor in the hot June sun was anything but nautical. Nevertheless, after numerous applications of Spic and Span and copious amounts of water we finally got her fairly clean. There were no obvious holes and indeed, when mostly filled with water, it didn't appear to leak out so we assumed that she didn't leak. After a few days of drying her out we gave her a thorough sanding and applied a new coat of green oil-based enamel house paint with white trim on the spars, splash rail, and rudder assembly. She looked pretty spiffy.

As an aside, we never did find out exactly what kind of boat she was. The owner had acquired her secondhand from a gentleman who claimed to have built it from plans in *Popular Mechanics*. One observer later claimed it was a Wings class racing scow, but we could never confirm her origin and simply dubbed her a racing scow and ended up putting an "R/S" insignia on the mainsail with

iron-on tape as, after all, any proper yacht had to have insignia on the mainsail!

We scheduled our first sail only to find that all boats in Ohio had to be registered and numbered which led to a very confusing day at the County Seat Department of Motor Vehicles trying to convince the officials to issue us registration numbers despite the fact that we had no proof of ownership or paperwork of any kind! Somehow we convinced the clerk that we were honest and left with the proper sticker and new hull numbers.

A trip to the local library yielded a *How to Sail* manual which I read and reread several times. In the meantime, my father had rented a dock slip at the Hueston Woods State Park on Acton Lake for the summer and we towed the boat to the lake, stepped the mast, launched, hoisted the sails in a light breeze, and took off for the short distance between the launching ramp and the dock slip. The maiden voyage was remarkably unremarkable. As mentioned earlier, with the modest sail plan and broad underbody she was very stable, and as long as we pointed her in the right direction and avoided other boats and obstructions on the tiny lake, we couldn't get in too much trouble.

For the rest of the summer, we sailed the boat as often as possible, and when a friend and I got more confident with basic boat handling skills we even entered some handicap races sponsored by the Hueston Sailing Association, the local property-less sailing club that sponsored one design and handicap races every Sunday. We found that we were about the same speed as a Phil Rhodes-designed Penguin catboat but far slower than the Thistles, Y-Fliers, and Rhodes Bantams.

With no boom vang we were prone to the occasional goosewing jibe, and with the hardware store hemp sheets our hands were raw by the end of a day's sailing. We eventually bolted on some recycled cam cleats for the jib sheets and crafted a snubbing post of sorts for the mainsheet. We did make a long whisker pole to hold out the jib when running wing and wing and even rigged a tiller extension to make the boat easier to sail while hiked out in a breeze. We never got around to making hiking straps as we seemed to be able to keep the boat flat without them.

It was at about this time that the boat began to fall apart. We sailed her one day in a bit too much wind and at one point I looked over and saw that the windward side stay was coming undone at the point where it attached to the galvanized turnbuckle at the deck. As mentioned earlier, the mast stays had no swaged terminals at each end and instead relied on looping the wire around a thimble, wrapping the loop with brass wire, and then soldering the wire in place with lead solder. In the span of a few seconds the starboard loop came unsoldered and the unsupported mast fell, ripping a wide hole in the deck before landing in the water. The mast was undamaged and we paddled back to the dock with the mast lashed to the deck. Close inspection showed that the  $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood decking was rotted. In fact, a lot of the plywood in the hull was a little spongy and probably the reason why the previous owner had fiberglassed the entire hull and deck.

When we were trailering the boat back to my parent's house one of the recapped trailer tires decided to come unglued, and without fenders to catch the debris a 6"x6" piece of rubber flew off and neatly sheared off the AM radio antenna on the driver's side

of my father's 1956 Chevy station wagon. Luckily I didn't have my arm out the window at the time.

Repairs followed. My buddy and I sawed away the damaged decking, leaving a hole about 18" x 18". Luckily the deck frames were not rotted and we were able to cut a piece of scrap  $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood to shape and screw it to the frames with some countersunk brass screws. At the time I didn't know that there was a difference between interior and exterior plywood so I have no idea if we used the right grade and, to be candid, I think in retrospect that the entire hull was built out of interior plywood and prone to rot and delamination.

A trip to the local auto parts store yielded a newfangled fiberglass patch kit and, after reading the directions carefully and learning about the fine points of mixing resin and hardener, we successfully applied two coats of resin and fiberglass cloth to the patched area. When the fiberglass cured we sanded it smooth and applied a few coats of the aforementioned green house paint. For the work of a couple of ignorant kids and a lot of new technology the repair job didn't come out half bad. We also decided that installing two galvanized cable clamps on each end of the three stays would be a good idea. They were pretty ugly and not very nautical looking, but they held and we never lost the mast again.

My father surveyed the repairs. I recall he uttered something to the effect of "necessity is the mother of invention" and walked away shaking his head. This was a time in the history of child rearing when parents usually didn't help their kids that much and to this day I think I was the beneficiary of my parents' benign neglect. "You break it, you fix it" was ingrained in my DNA and, indeed, we did break it and we did fix it.

Next came a trip to the local junkyard for a new/used trailer tire and radio antenna and we were good to go and back on the water in time for next Sunday's race.

Over the next two seasons this boat continued to fall apart at about the same rate my boat repair skills developed. Problems included, but were not limited to: 1) Stern and bow mooring eyes pulled out (hardwood back-up plates installed); 2) main halyard parts (trip to the hardware store for new hemp rope, learned how to do a back splice over the halyard shackle); 3) rudder gudgeon pulls out (more back-up plates and bolts rather than wood screws); 4) clew cringle pulls out of mainsail (sail repair with waxed linen thread); and 5) batten breaks due to a clumsy move in the cockpit (convert hardware store oak advertising yardstick to new tapered batten with the help of an ancient belt sander). The list goes on, but suffice it to say I earned my boat repair credentials on an almost weekly basis.

We sailed the no-name scow for two seasons but at the end of the 1960 season we returned the boat to the owner in considerably better shape than it was when we received it, another good life lesson learned. We ended up buying a new 14' Rhodes Bantam racer that I sailed and raced for years afterwards,

I never did learn the fate of the no-name scow. After it went back to the chicken coop from whence it sprang I lost track of it and, for all I know, it is still there. What I do know is that this boat was the genesis for my lifelong interest in small sailboats and boat restoration that has given me countless hours of enjoyment since.

## Our Boat Building Year

By Rex and Kathie Payne

The first few months of 2007 we spent trying to decide what kind of boat that we were going to use as a model for a cradle for our son and daughter-in-law who were expecting in early May. We partially lofted three boats, a Melon Seed, a Flat Iron skiff, and a Bahamian wet well smack before deciding on an Edwin Monk pram. We found that reducing plans doesn't always work when looking for a flat interior with sufficient depth, enough beam, and not too great a length.

We built a 9' Monk pram several years ago. Working from those plans we built the cradle half-scale. On reflection this was considerably larger than the little girl needed. There was/is room for a couple more babies her size. Need to build rockers for it now that she is too active to sleep in it, or it will make a nice toy box. On May 8, the day our first grandchild was born, we sold our 13'6" lapstrake Melon Seed. A great day!

Before we could launch our 16' Melon Seed this spring some maintenance was necessary. We had noticed over the previous summer that the centerboard was sticking and would not lower as easily as it had in the past. After extricating the board from the centerboard trunk we found two places where damage had been caused by impact with hard underwater objects. Water had penetrated into the wood and deteriorated and swelled the wood fibers.

Replacement seemed as easy as repair so we purchased a sheet of tile backer board made of a concrete and fiber mesh. The board is guaranteed not to swell so we thought we would try it. We sheathed two  $\frac{1}{2}$ " layers with epoxy and fiberglass and used a layer of glass and epoxy in between. Where the pivot bolt goes through we drilled an oversize hole and filled it with epoxy, then drilled another hole large enough for a bronze bushing. Worked well during the sailing season, this year we will monitor its durability.

May was a busy month as we also began construction of one of Phil Bolger's designs, the Birdwatcher 2. This became how we spent the rest of the year. By early January this year Kathie and I have worked over 600 hours each on it. We are building the boat outside in the driveway under a 12'x26' poly tarp shelter as the Birdwatcher is too long for our shop. Kathie has the sails sewn and the hull is sitting on a trailer but we are still a long way from launching.

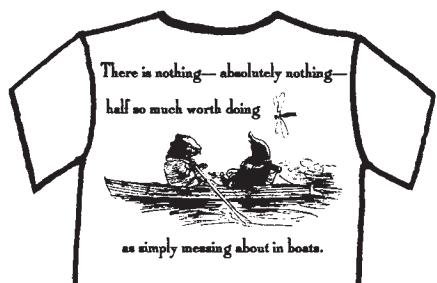
Phil did a spectacular job designing this boat, drawings and building key don't require too much head scratching, just enough to encourage a thorough understanding of the design. We are anticipating great sailing when we do put it in the water.

We did take time out to go to Green Lake, Wisconsin, in August to sail with our Melon Seed friends. They will be gathering in Crystal Lake, Michigan, this year.

Due to winter weather conditions we have discontinued construction until spring. The tarp shop won't stand snow loads and I don't tolerate the cold very well. I will say that the old maxims that a boat will take twice as long to build and be twice as expensive as anticipated are holding true. We thought perhaps some readers aspiring to build their own boats might find our detailed log of the time we've spent on the Birdwatcher to date informative and present the log herewith together with some supporting photos of the boat building action.



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**BREAKING NEWS!** The old Thames barge *Gaston* went down off the East Yorkshire coast of Britain in 40 metres of water and was declared lost. It was reported that she was sailing without her forward hatch securely closed while carrying a consignment of several thousand hard-boiled unshelled eggs for a convention of egg lovers further up the coast where they were aiming to set some sort of world record.

It appears that a forklift machine was also on board as cargo shifted in rough seas and rolled onto the egg boxes, as the sea surface revealed a quantity of floating eggshell. The two-man crew escaped just before the barge rolled completely and one Robert "Bacon" Bamford who was in charge was said to have egg on his face when picked up by helicopter.

All bull, that story, but one must exercise one's imagination now and again. In the world of model sailboats, capsizing and sinkings do occasionally occur for water has the ability of finding the tiniest opening in a hull or deck and then BINGO, over she may roll or just slowly dive like a submarine. Usually they are recoverable, as was the case of Tony Searle's *Serenie* of Dorset, UK, which is shown in the two photos.

The late John Spencer, noted designer of Transpac legend boat *Ragtime*, had a favorite piece of advice applicable to both full size boats and models: "Keep the water outside the boat where it belongs, that way boats will stay on the surface where they belong!"

We know that boats are always referred to as "she" and here are two of them, both

## On the Model Scene

By Mark Steele

ladies in name and both of the spirited and fiery variety. Chris Gierszewski, seen with his all-action *Lady Love*, hails from Georgia in the US and she was modeled after a real ship, the *Lady Washington*. The cannons are operational and the model has the capacity to fire 30 shots of talcum powder for good visual effect. Her flags go up and down and all her sails are operational. The model has already won four state regattas.

The other model vessel, the *Lady Fortune*, sails with the Ancient Mariners group in Auckland, New Zealand. She was built by the always rushing around pirate Ron Rule, one of our most enthusiastic and prolific builders. The boat sails very well and is certainly impressive to look at with her menacing looking sails and rough looking pirates aboard as crew. The model always draws attention and plaudits whenever she sails.

Durgan is a small hamlet upriver from the coast southwest of Falmouth in Cornwall, England, located on the northern side of the Halford River. It is where the Durgan Old Gaffers Society, a group of boating enthusiasts mainly from the area, support the sailing and racing of gaff-rigged working boats of that river. They are known as the DOGS. Their sailing is quite different from most racing and the working boats vary in size, speed,

even shape, their only common feature being they are all gaff-rigged.

DOGS racing, while it lasts, is taken with some degree of seriousness but the post-race analysis often lasts longer than the racing, going on for hours at hastily arranged watering holes situated close to the river. As it is said, DOGS is not just about racing. Regular boats taking part include three of the oldest and most beautiful including *Thistle* (sail number 88), over 100 years old, the photo borrowed from their website with owner Neil Wilson's approval. She is seen just ahead of *Collinette* with the original Falmouth punt *Bessie* (extreme right) in the lead. The three boats between them tot up in age to nearly three hundred years.

Their annual DOGS DINNER, a massive booze up and feast with prize presentations amid slurred speeches winds up the DOGS season. Their website, [www.goon-gillings.co.uk/dogs](http://www.goon-gillings.co.uk/dogs), tells us that invitations are restricted to those who have either sailed with or slept with a DOG.

The attraction of model ships knows no bounds, there is just so much choice and such a wide variety of types of boats that can be bought tomorrow and be up and sailing on a lake or pond within a few days if one doesn't have the dedication, the skills or the time to build.

The sea is an endless attraction for so many of us throughout the world and there is a lovely verse of a hymn sung by several generations of the people of Cuba: "Be a friend of the sea and you will have a sea of friends."



The sinking of Tony Searle's *Serenie*.



*Lady Love* fires a broadside.

Chris Gierszewski and his *Lady Love*.





(Left) *Lady Fortune* and (above) her builder, "Pirate" Ron Rule.

The gaffers (not models, but the real thing) of the DOGS, *Thistle* (#88) leading *Collinette* with *Bessie* off on another tack just ahead.



Wade Smith boarded a plane in Boston in July 2003 ready to build some riverboats on the Mosquito Coast of Honduras. As head of the John Gardner Boat Shop at Mystic Seaport museum in Connecticut, Smith has been building boats and teaching classes for years. But this three-week journey to the heart of the tropics promised more professional challenges and personal adventure than many New England craftsmen can expect to see in a lifetime of building boats.

In the weeks leading up to his departure, Smith worked closely with a design team in Mystic and Maine to build a prototype at the Seaport that could haul at least 4,000lbs. (During its first sea trials last summer the prototype comfortably held 17 adults with plenty of "freeboard" to spare). A lot of planning went into the design and construction of the prototype and when Smith left Mystic for points south he was ready to put it to the test. He knew he had the tools and experience to teach, but he wasn't sure what to expect of his students and he worried about his halting Spanish. For visual aids he carried a thick sheaf of step-by-step photographs. If all else failed, the pictures would tell the story better than anything he could say in any language.

Only three weeks later, when Smith said goodbye to his new Honduran comrades at the end of the workshop, he left behind two 30' work boats and a team of trained artisans equipped with skills that would last a lifetime. The knowledge and confidence they gained in producing a saleable product would also enhance the local economy, help drive the responsible use of forest products, and develop a road map for sustainable development in tropical America.

#### Collaborating for Change

The project was organized by GreenWood, a US-based nonprofit dedicated to supporting responsible forestry through quality woodworking. The workshop was sponsored through GreenWood's collaboration with World Wildlife Fund, The Nature Conservancy, The Arthur B Schultz Foundation, Mystic Seaport, and Metafore, a forest sustainability steward and founding member of the Sustainable Forest Products Alliance. The GreenWood workshop provides a tangible example of how global forest sustainability objectives can be met in financially struggling regions, empowering people with skills that promote responsible use of finite forest resources.

The boats in Copén were built out of big leaf mahogany (*Swietenia macrophylla*) which has been the world's premier boat

Prototype sea trials at Mystic Seaport, Connecticut.—Photo courtesy of Mystic Seaport



## Training Craftsmen Empowering Communities Driving Sustainability

A GreenWood workshop in Hoduras teaches local sawyers to build boats and imparts lessons in self-reliance

building wood for nearly 500 years. Thanks, in part, to its celebrated working properties, the species is currently threatened throughout most of its native range. (Mahogany was recently listed for protection under the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species, or CITES.) But in Copén, Honduras, the mahogany lumber used in these boats was exceptional in more ways than its handsome color and smooth grain. It was harvested from community forests that have been certified well-managed by SmartWood, a leading international certification body accredited by the Forest Stewardship Council (FSC).

#### Overcoming Obstacles

As he feared, Smith ran firmly aground on the limits of his vocabulary. Most of the concepts he needed to express don't directly translate into Spanish. Specialized terms such as chines, thwarts, gunwales, sheer, and skeg, which are barely comprehensible in English, immediately gave way to pictures and a logical process. On the first morning of the workshop Smith spread out 50 photographs of the prototype construction and sea trials in chronological order on the ground. Instead of lecturing his crew, he pointed to each photo and demonstrated the process it depicted. As work progressed, this system defined the method of Smith's instruction, helping students navigate around a boatbuilding vernacular that would otherwise have been lost between two cultures.

Copén lies adjacent to the vast Río Plátano Biosphere Reserve, a 1.3-million-acre protected area that comprises one of the largest and most important humid tropical forests in Central America. In 1982 the Reserve was inscribed on UNESCO's World Heritage List, and in 1996 it was placed on the List of World Heritage in Danger. Boats in this region fall into one of two categories, the box-shaped pipante and the canoe-like cayuco. In upriver communities like Copén residents prefer the

pipante for its ease in navigating forbidding mangrove swamps and shallow rivers with heavy loads, in coastal villages both boats are widely used. For the purposes of this workshop GreenWood decided to tackle the blunt-nosed pipante due to its relatively simple shape and to provide a means of river transport for the sawyers in Copén to get their certified wood products to market.



One ancient mahogany = one dugout cayuco.  
—Photo by Tim Stearns

Both boat styles are traditionally built as dugout canoes excavated from a single large trunk of an ancient tree.

With this workshop GreenWood introduced a much more efficient plank-built construction process using lumber produced economically on the WoodMizer bandsaw mill which the organization installed in Copén the previous year. Smith expected to spend his first few days in Copén sawing mahogany logs into boards. But he was pleasantly surprised to discover that the inventory of milled lumber provided by local sawyers was of such high quality that he could immediately begin construction of the first boat.

The rapid pace of the workshop reflected the participants' ability to absorb the

Amistades Unidas on its maiden voyage to Palacios.—Photo by Sarah Bockian



material and apply their existing skills. The first boat, later dubbed *Amistades Unidas* or *United Friendships*, was ready for its maiden voyage in little more than five days, roughly the same amount of time it took the Mystic professionals to build the prototype. In addition to building the boat, the 17 students also erected a workbench and secured a tool sharpening room, employing scrap lumber left over from the boat work.

### Students Take Charge

Based on their stellar performance, Smith decided to challenge his class of confident craftsmen to build a second boat on their own. He promised to be available to answer questions but he planned to occupy himself mainly with tool sharpening, housekeeping, and preparing materials. They would build this one on their own.

The students broke into two groups, one to paint the first boat and the second to bring a new boat to life. Although they loved the first design, the students wanted the second one to be smaller, lighter, and shallower. Smith was impressed with his team's zeal and independence but he explained that these alterations would result in a loss of valuable load-carrying capacity. Concerned they would be swamped by competing ideas if he solicited designs from the whole group, Smith asked one participant, Tino, to make a sketch of what the next boat might look like. Riding a wave of animated argument and several discarded drafts, a less radical design emerged.

Smith took a look at the new, streamlined design at the end of the first day of construction and inscribed *The Copén Rocket* on its transom along with a drawing of a stylized spaceship. When the phrase was translated the students signified their approval with a



cheer. The second pipante now had a name. Only three days later the village would have another finished boat to hang it on.

"I am particularly proud of the second boat for its beauty and the way it was built," said German Oliva Herrera, an active workshop participant and president of the local sawyer's group, Sociedad Colectiva Romero Barahona. "The best thing about this type of pipante is its stability in the water."

Another Copén boat builder, Antonio Romero, was impressed by the way this "new" technology could stretch the resource. "What I liked most was the timber economy," Romero said. "In the traditional way, using one big tree, we can make only one [dugout] pipante. Now, we can make six or more."

Other participants agreed, adding that the planked boats represent a brighter future for Copén residents. "After this workshop we are perfectly able to make our own pipantes with the exact same quality as the one built with the instructor," noted Leonidas Santos.



Back home in Connecticut, Smith still exudes pride in what he and his team were able to accomplish. "Several times I heard participants say, 'This is the best workshop we ever had,'" Smith says. "I think the reason is that I tried to teach them what to do, not how to do it. These men know how to drive nails and cut wood to a line as well as anyone, anywhere." With their voracious appetite for knowledge well stoked by the experience of Smith's GreenWood workshop, the Copén boat builders are open for business. And they're already making plans for the cayuco they plan to build next.

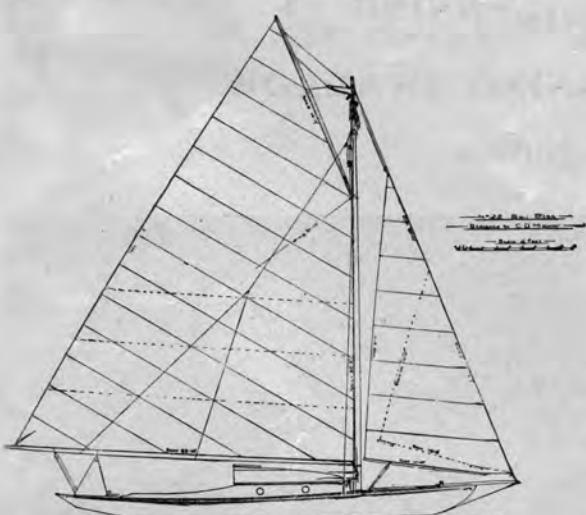
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## My Trip to the 2007

### Georgetown Wooden Boat Show

All of the 100 or so boats on display at the Georgetown, South Carolina, Wooden Boat Show last October were gorgeous. The painted speedboat beside mine was so shiny that I thought it was actually plastic with a little bit of wood trim. The builder proved to me that the hull was, indeed, plywood.

Another example, Martin Gruber from Surfside Beach, South Carolina, brought two boats to the show including the bright strip planked one in Photo 1. The judges awarded the prize in the paddle/row category to the other boat. Also notice the reflection of the trailer fender on the side of the neighboring runabout.

My sailboat is nice but just doesn't compare. If I couldn't dazzle the judges with my skill, diligence, and patience, then I'd have to baffle them with bulls... Here's the story that I clipped to the stem of my boat:

#### Cumulative Errors:

Handicapped Accessible  
(for some) Sharpie Camp Cruiser

Length on deck 16'8"

Beam 5'

Draft (centerboard up) 9"

Draft (centerboard down) 3'5"

Displacement 975lbs

Builder: Syd Chipman

#### Features

*Cumulative Errors* is a camp cruiser that can support its crew of two or less for a long weekend without returning to land. The main deck is the bunk that can be covered with a two-person tent. *Cumulative Errors* is fully equipped and provisioned for a weekend as you see it now. Just add water!

Since my wife, Brenda, is handicapped, I wanted her to be able to board *Cumulative Errors* if she wanted to. That meant a handrail, skid-resistant decks, and short steps. However, Brenda further lost her ability to walk during the five years I took to build the boat. Now I have no choice except to build another boat that doesn't have steps!

#### History

"All you need to build a boat is the courage to start and the determination to finish." (I'd give proper credit if I could remember where I read the above quote!)

After finishing an indoor project at home late in 2002 I had six 16" wide and 8' long scraps of  $\frac{3}{8}$ " plywood left over. The longer they lay around the shop, the more they began

Martin Gruber's strip planked tender



1

## Cumulative Errors

By Syd Chipman

to look like a boat. In February 2003 I scarfed two pairs of the scraps together to get 15'8" lengths. This looked even more like a boat.

At first the plywood looked like a quick, cheap, and dirty rowboat. Just make a stem, two molds, and a transom, bend some sticks over the forms, and then apply the plywood. The 15½' Mississippi River Yawl in Reuel Parker's *Sharpie Book* seemed like a good example to work from. Being an engineer by profession, I didn't want more "work" just like at the office. I'd let the "wisdom of the wood" do the job. I did, however, use a computer drafting program to help lay out the molds and the transom. Besides, this was just a cheap and easy rowboat.

I fabricated the molds from strips of scrap yellow pine which is relatively strong and stiff for softwood. The transom was a scrap of  $\frac{1}{4}$ " lauan plywood framed with more yellow pine. Some 2"x4"s glued together and ripped on the table saw made the stem.

The first temporary assembly of the boat revealed Error #1: Too much rocker! Sawing a concave curve in the bottom edge of the scarfed plywood reduced the rocker but produced Error #2: Not enough freeboard! Cutting a couple of inches out of 16" sides twisted to about 30 degrees combined with the remaining rocker left the gunwales within a few inches of the probable waterline. Remember that the waterline was "probable" since no serious mathematics nor physics went into the design.

I proceeded to assemble the parts with epoxy. I'd have to add another stake at the sheer later to keep from sinking. Nonetheless the resulting shape proved quite fair, even boatlike. However, I could foresee Error #3: The transom would be too small. I'd laminate a larger transom over the original later (Photo 2).

Now that I was building a bigger (and heavier) boat than I started, it would need fabric on the plywood (and a trailer). Xynole polyester fabric draped over the hull perfectly. No cuts, overlaps, or darts except at the stem and at the transom. I started applying epoxy onto the fabric and the boat. Error #4: Not enough epoxy! The resin ran out with about a fourth of the exterior left to go. There was no way to get more resin before the epoxy set. After the epoxy cured the result was a big wrinkle at the unfinished edge and dimples at every careless drip in the remaining dry cloth.

*Cumulative Errors* under construction



The cat and the dog offer their opinions during construction

2

Now I had three choices: 1) Burn the boat; 2) just finish wetting out the fabric and then knock off the high spots; or 3) invest a lot of time and thickened epoxy to build up the rough surfaces and then plane and sand them down smooth. I gave options 1 and 2 serious thought but chose 3. Then I spent too much time and effort to qualify the boat as "quick and cheap." The boat named itself, *Cumulative Errors*. The name could have been *Cumulative Errors* but one more "mistake" seemed appropriate, Error #5.

Eventually the hull became finished with the extra stroke, a trailer was built, and it was obvious that this was a permanent boat. I registered and titled it with North Carolina in 2004. It still hadn't been launched, however.

Heart trouble slowed me down but I continued to fit out the interior. Eventually open heart surgery saved my life and I launched *Cumulative Errors* two months later in October 2005 (Photo 3).

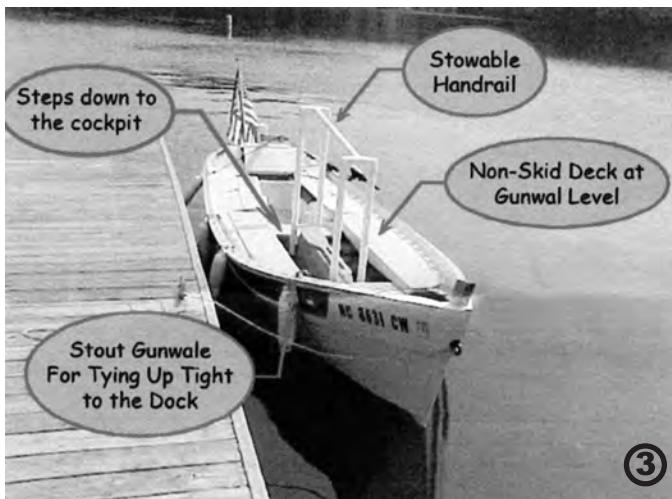
I finished the oars, centerboard, and mast in 2006 and took the first cruises under wind power in 2007.

#### Performance

I have no experience from which to judge. I have never built a sailboat before, nor sailed one. It can point upwind with the loose-footed 10'x12' blue polyethylene plastic tarp spritsail. As usual, the winds in the North Carolina foothills have been fickle this summer. The fastest speed so far is 3.6mph by GPS in a very light crosswind. The calculated displacement hull speed is 5.9mph (Photo 4).

Shakedown cruises employed oars and an electric trolling motor. Although correct to some expert's formula, the first 7½' long oars proved too short. The boat wanted to go faster. The current oars are 9' long. Leisurely rowing propels the boat at 2mph. A 30lb thrust electric trolling motor gives 3mph. The finished boat floats in good trim when I stay near the center. If I had it to do again I'd make the stern a few inches wider on the bottom. The narrow beam (only 3'7" at the bottom) that helps reduce drag also makes it tippy. However, I can stand on a gunwale and keep dry feet (Photo 5).

My current plans are to add a wood boom, a gaff, a larger reefing mainsail, and eventually a crude roller-furling jib. However, the loose-footed spritsail works well for a jackleg sailor. Brailing the sail and sprit against the mast depowers the rig in a few seconds and there's never a pile of plastic flapping around on the deck.



③

Some of the boat's features.

Although it's not entirely true, I brag that every part of *Cumulative Errors* serves two or more purposes. For example:

The main deck amidships makes a smooth, level bunk the full width of the boat. While underway one leaf on each side of the deck folds back on itself to make a non-skid step. The hinged deck also lifts up for access to the tent, mattresses, and sleeping bags stowed below. When secured, the main deck will keep the stowed oars, boathook, and pigstick from floating away after the capsize that hasn't happened yet.

The aft rowing seat is also a step down into the cockpit. A skid resistant layer flips up to save wear and tear on the trousers.

The aft seat is also the icebox lid that, when closed, holds another lower step up in its folded position.

The front rowing station is the battery compartment.

The lids that keep the floating cushions in the cockpit while speeding down the highway fold up to become backrests when on the water.

The mast partners enclose a locker where I keep wool blankets for an emergency.

The tiller supports the folding galley table when not underway.

The lower hull is leftover  $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick lauan plywood with Xynole polyester fabric on the outside and epoxy on both sides. The upper strake is  $\frac{1}{4}$ " lauan plywood with the same treatment. The decks and other furniture are AC fir plywood. Most long lumber, such as in the chine logs and gunwales, is southern yellow pine scarfed to make longer lengths without knots.

The most difficult job was twisting the plywood sides from about five degrees at the bow to 45 degrees at the stern. Various things broke before I got it right.

The mast, oar looms, and boathook are 1" x lumberyard fir laminated with Titebond M waterproof glue. The miscellaneous wood fittings such as thole pins and cleats are scrap cherry, red oak, mahogany, and hickory.

The paint is Glidden exterior oil-based primer over sanded and ammonia-cleaned epoxy and topped with two coats of Valspar oil-based industrial enamel applied with short nap rollers. Skid resistance on the soles, etc., comes from sand sprinkled on the wet second coat of paint, and then painted again.

I made removable and adjustable ballast in the form of two 4" diameter PVC pipes filled with used lead tire weights along each side of the centerboard trunk. I haven't felt the need to install it though.

Two Group 27 deep-cycle lead-acid batteries under the front seat also provide bal-

last. They power the navigation lights and, occasionally, an electric trolling motor.

There is flotation that displaces about 160lbs of water under the soles, under the gunwales, beside the batteries, under the lazarette, and inside the foredeck.

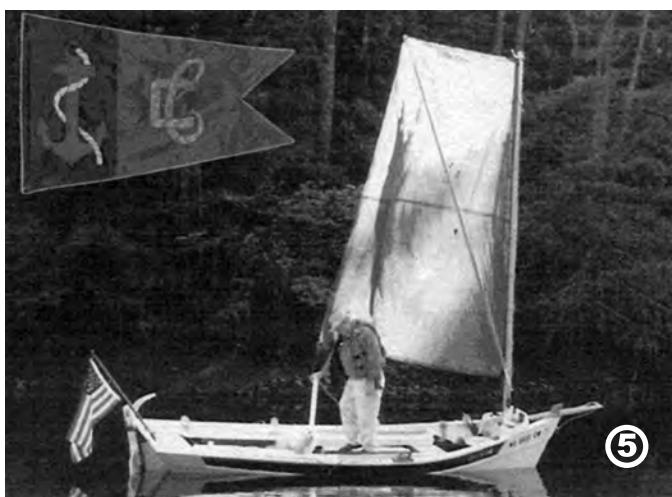
The trailer is a mail order Harbor Freight foldable model. I learned after I bought the  $2\frac{1}{2}$ " square and 20' long steel tube for the spine that there are no stock U-bolts for  $2\frac{1}{2}$ " squares, although you can buy hitches that size. Error # "whatever." The trailer was rated for 990lbs. That seemed like plenty enough until the axle bent. Error # "whatever + 1" (Photo 6).

I intentionally kept no record of the cost. That would have discouraged me. My guessimate (probably low) is \$2,500 including the trailer and equipment. The largest single expense was epoxy resin and hardener, followed by the trailer. Everything else was just a few dollars at a time, so I didn't miss it much.

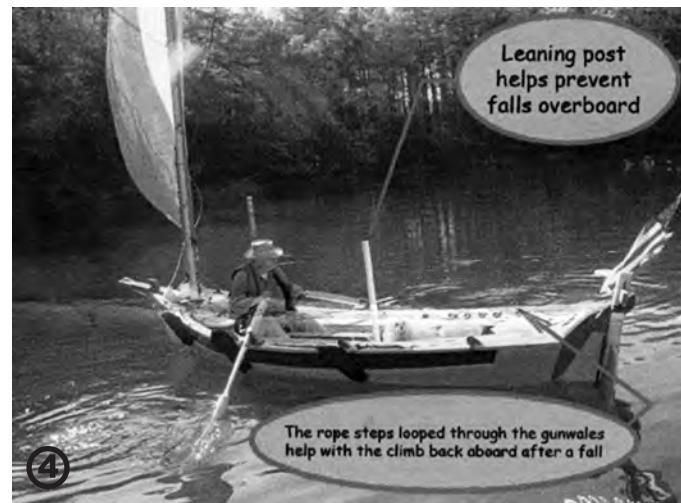
#### Private Signal

In 1995 my sister-in-law Rebecca Henderson designed and sewed the private signal for our 34' Mainship *Tardis* (since sold). Now it flies from the pigstick atop *Cumulative Errors*' mast. The monogrammed Cs stand for Chipman and Craswell, of course (Photo 5).

Testing the sail and private signal.



⑤



An early shakedown cruise.

#### Details

At the Georgetown, South Carolina, Wooden Boat Show



⑥

I built a canoe in 1987 that I named *Tern*. At the time I designed and built this boat I was into canoe racing and I spent most of my canoeing time in racier boats. As I aged my enthusiasm for racing cooled and I began paddling the *Tern* more. I have built about 40 boats of all types since building the *Tern*, but for some reason most of my boating in recent years has been in her. It has become my favorite boat. I even built a *Tern 2* with a little more rocker and a touch of tumblehome but still the old *Tern* won out.

If boats could vote the *Tern* would qualify, it has passed that 21 year age. The boat has nearly a million miles, a lot of hard knocks, and was showing the wear. Over the last couple summers I kept looking at the weather-beaten *Tern*, thinking about a restoration. This winter the boat was getting a face lift. She was badly sunburned and had more patches in the bottom than I would like to admit to. She really needed a new skin and that is a big job.

Getting fiberglass off a cedar hull is work, it would probably have been easier to have just built a new boat. But I was committed to this restoration knowing what work was involved. I had done a couple of restorations when I worked at Northwest Canoe so I knew what I was in for. I got started removing all the fiberglass from the outside of the hull. I only did the outside as the interior fiberglass was needed to hold things together while I was doing the work. On a thicker hull I might have used a Skilsaw and scored the bottom but the *Tern* has less than  $\frac{1}{4}$ " of cedar in the hull so I really wanted to be gentle with this wooden hull.

So how do I remove old fiberglass? I used a heat gun, a putty knife, and a pair of pliers. I needed to have a lot of patience. I find a spot where I can loosen an edge, then start heating. The epoxy will soften with enough heat so the glass can be pulled loose from the wood. I was able to pull off strips of old fiberglass a couple of inches wide and with luck I might get 6" off before the glass tore and I had to get hold of a new edge.

Altogether I probably spent a full day removing the old glass off the hull. This work was spread out over a couple of weeks. Now the glass was off but there was still a lot of epoxy on the wood. This epoxy is textured like the underside of the glass that I removed. I tried sanding this off and gave up on that in a big hurry. The stuff is really tough.

Peeling off glass with heat gun.



## In My Shop

### A Little Patina

By Mississippi Bob

I have a carbide scraper that was given to me by a good friend in Colorado. I put this tool to work along with the heat gun. I found that I could heat up a spot and scrape it clean while the epoxy was still soft. After a bit of practice I developed a pattern that got the maximum done for the work involved. This scraping took about another full day's work spread over a few more weeks. All the work to this point was spread out through the winter, interrupted by a couple of trips to Mexico. Strip hulls are very fragile with glass on only one side so I left the outer gunwales on until all the scraping was done. They came off just before the sanding.

I finished the scraping job just in time for some real spring weather so the boat was moved outside for a good sanding. I have developed an allergy to cedar sawdust and I try to do as much sanding as I can outside. I used my Porter Cable random orbital sander for this job along with #60 grit paper. This is an aggressive tool and in less than two hours I was finishing it off with #80 grit. I had a 25mph south wind that day and the sanding dust contaminated the neighborhood but not my shop.

I wanted to leave a bit of patina on the boat so that no one would ever mistake it for a new boat. As I was sanding I intentionally left a few smudges here and there that gave the boat that old repaired boat look. Some of the old patch jobs in the bottom didn't want to sand out easily so they stayed, they are battle scars.

The spring weather was really welcome as I was able to heat my shop up to an honest 70 degrees. I heat my shop with a wood stove and sometimes I feel that I spend more time cutting up fuel than I do working.

On glassing day I got up early and lit a fire, then went in and fixed breakfast. After that I stoked up the fire, dusted off the hull, and spread the fabric over the hull. I next cut some bias strips of glass to cover the ends. There are many ways to apply fiberglass but my preferred method is to lay the

dry cloth over the bare hull, then wet it out and let the resins soak through to the wood. I did the ends pieces first, then starting from the middle I spread resin over the entire hull, working first toward one end then toward the other. When I neared the ends I trimmed the glass about  $\frac{1}{2}$ " short of the ends. This left the glass long enough to cover the edges of the pieces that I had on the ends.

I stoked up the fire and went to lunch. After lunch I mixed another batch of epoxy and rolled on another layer of resin. I don't have the kind of control of my shop heater that Robb White talked about, and by the time this second layer was applied the shop was getting really warm, like 85 degrees. Bubbles were forming in places where gasses were being driven out of the wood, not perfect but I can live with that. I was just happy that it was warm enough for the epoxy to cure.

The next day things had hardened up quit well and I rolled the boat upright and began working on the decks. The *Tern* has wineglass transoms and strip decks about 3' long on each end. I was saving this for a separate operation as I chose not to make the boat any more fragile than need be. Time had come to strip the glass off the decks and re-glass them. This job went quite well as I was able to remove the glass in large sheets. I had the ends cleaned and re-glassed all in one day.

When everything was hard the boat went outdoors again for another sanding. I like to sand things thoroughly between the second and third coats of epoxy. The boat looked pretty good with this third coat of resin and it was time to take a look at the interior. The inside looked pretty grungy now that the outside was redone. Originally I left the inside slightly textured. The weave of the fabric makes a nice interior but after 20-some years it looked pretty bad.

I began thinking about ways to renew this surface and I hit on the idea of scrubbing the surface with a stiff scrub brush and acetone. I tested this idea, then held off on the inside. I built new outer rails and installed them. The rails were cut out of a 15' piece of mahogany molding. I find that I can cut 2" wide pieces from a base molding with a rounded scrap left over.

The entire exterior got another sanding and a couple coats of semi-gloss varnish. I chose not to use gloss as it makes all the blemishes stand out more. The new woodwork and the sanded old brightwork got several coats at the same time.

Time to do the interior. The old knee pads came out but the contact cement didn't. I sanded this glue with some #60 grit and only gummed up the paper. I smoothed these areas as good as I could and decided that the replacement kneeling pads will be about an inch bigger than the old ones. There are times when one must go with the flow.

I now had several coats of varnish on all the rails so the boat went outside again for a good scrubbing. I used warm soapy water and a fairly stiff scrub brush and cleaned up the interior as good as possible. When this surface was dry I really had my doubts, but I tested a spot with varnish and a clean looking surface appeared so the entire interior got one coat of varnish. Looks pretty good. After the varnish was dry I installed the new bungees on the thwarts. I had replacement logos made to replace the originals. With new kneeling pads and a new Minnesota license, I'm ready to hit the Minnesota lakes in high style.



Residue left after glass came off.

Tools used for scraping off resin residue.



A simple jig that I made to help planing and sanding the 1" outer rails.

Close-up of bow showing logos, patina, and a Minnesota license good until December 2010.



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**THE RUDDER PUBLISHING COMPANY, 9 Murray Street, New York**

I usually "skim" *Messing About in Boats* when it first arrives, then bag it up with other marine periodicals to be enjoyed at the cottage. At this point I am usually alone, no phone, no TV, just me and the radio!

Years ago I wrote for *MAIB* about the use of a 50/50 mixture of boiled linseed oil and gum turpentine as an "old school" form of preservative for boats. As a carpenter, boat builder/restorer, I still rely on this older technology on many wood projects, both marine and on the farm. This is true, especially for wood projects that are exposed to the elements. For those of you who may not be familiar with this mixture, the old timers say "once a day for a week, once a week for a month, once a month for a year, and once a year there after."

I have lived in mid-coast Maine for almost 30 years, taught building trades, wood working, boat building, and repair. There are boat yards that I have had the good fortune to work in and a few I have had the misfortune to have worked in. More often than not I have worked on a per-diem rate or as a subcontractor. Not that it matters, but I am also a graduate of the Boat School in Eastport, Maine.

In a casual eastward migration that began in 1972 with stopovers in Cripple Creek, Colorado (teach high school), and in Round Rock, Texas (build houses), I landed in northeast Ohio for five years. Here I met (in addition to my future bride) an older gentleman by the name of Otto Fulst (aka "The Old Timer"). With me at 27 and Otto at 81, he became my mentor of all things important to a young man; women, whiskey, bee culture, Farmall F20s, black walnut, and tulip poplar. The Old Timer referred to the latter as "popal."

Otto and I traveled to Washington, West Virginia, and purchased an old Lane sawmill with a Frick mandrel that swung a 52" insert blade. A book could have been written on the frustration alone in trying to get that machine to cut a fair piece of hard wood. Even with hiring an Amish man from one of the surrounding communities, no cigar! His parting comment (as he put the check I just made out into his billfold) was, "you know, some of those damn mills just don't ever cut right."

We still cut a fair amount of oak and black walnut, we just had to plane it a little more than the other stuff. The truth is that mill seemed to love popal. It would pull through a 32" butt like a knife through butter and never wander a bit. It looked almost professional! Consequently, many projects were made with tulip poplar.

Those of you who have never seen a tulip poplar should make an effort to see one in bloom. Not only is it impressive as a specimen tree, but it has a serious presence in the forest or small stand it quite often towers over and sheds its lower limbs to show off its substantial girth. It is truly sad to witness these trees being shrugged off as "trash" and be so under-utilized where they grow so well.

Back in the '70s into the mid '80s in Maine sharp tooth poplar (aspen) was utilized by oxen drivers to line stanchion (stall) beds as it was easy on oxen hooves but still tough enough that it only had to be replaced every two or three years. A freshly sawn piece of this wood is easily broken, but once dried a tougher utility wood would be difficult to find. (A 1200lb oxen will carve up a concrete stall floor in as little as two years.) Now that this way of life has all but disappeared in Maine, these trees are considered as trash as well. Sad indeed!

## The Case for Tulip Poplar

By Ted Andrei

A freshly sawn piece of tulip poplar is, in fact, a weak, inferior piece of wood. But once dried it machines well, is quite sturdy, holds fasteners aggressively, and accepts all types of finishes. It probably isn't the best candidate for stain with a glossy finish, but it is a suitable wood for boat building.

I have an old 4'x6' work table with oak drawers and cherry fronts, the basic bench is all 2"x popal. All were constructed from wood off that old Lane mill. The oak and the cherry do interesting things as the seasons change and the years go by, but the popal is as straight as the day Otto and I cut it over 35 years ago.

The growing conditions for tulip poplar must require immense heat and stifling humidity as I have never seen one growing in mid-coast Maine, although they supposedly are able to exist here.

The Old Timer and I cut one popal in an area that he said was total pasture when he was a "young fella." This tree was 33" at the butt, first limb at 24", and had 42 countable growth rings. I did ask Otto, "Exactly how young of a fella were you, since this tree is only 42 years?" I don't speak German so I never did get a straight answer to that one.

The growing conditions in that area also grew white oak as big around as 50gal drums with poison ivy as thick as a child's wrist reaching up into the canopy. I had one clump of black American cherry where my new house was soon to be. They were enormous and grew like a clump of white birch. Each one was at least (total of five) 26" at the butt. Now, that's something you do not see in Maine! Maybe I'll tell you sometime how all of those beautiful cherry trees got turned into firewood.

The article I referred to earlier (50/50 preservative) has a place here as well. The abovementioned popal tree provided the frames for a small (62") boat that is treated exclusively with 50/50. I still use this boat, but sadly not as much as I would like.

This brings me to Robb White's comments on the withdrawal of his piece from *WoodenBoat* re: "the virtues of *Liriodendron tulipifera*." Remember now, I'm way behind on my reading but if some of you older gentlemen have a memory similar to mine, the good news is this will all be new to you.

Just prior to moving to Maine (at this time I was now married) I was building a house in Ohio. I had 47 acres, a sawmill that could not cut straight, an 85-year-old helper, and an abundance of oak, cherry, and tulip poplar, no spruce, no pine. For the purpose of obtaining a building permit from the county I had to hire an engineer to "sign off" on the permit stating that oak (rough cut, full 2"xs) was, in fact, a reasonable substitute for spruce as a framing material.

I'm not looking to beat anyone up here and I won't comment on the intellect of the folks who had concern that oak may not be as strong as spruce as a framing material because it wouldn't do any good. But why, in the name of sanity, do we put people with little or no common sense in charge of making supposed reasonable decisions for the rest of

us? It makes no sense to me.

Twenty years ago my sweetie and I planted 5000 Japanese/European hybrid larch (tamarack) to be used on boat projects and other future building projects on the farm. Some of these have now reached useful size. I just hope we don't get a letter from some Augusta bureaucrat telling us we can no longer use tamarack for anything in Maine.

Boating, its related industries, and quite often (not always) its supporting cast of magazines, boat schools, and professional organizations continues riding on the historic coattails of elitism that the early yachting community put into place. Over the years I have witnessed this "creep" into some of the larger boat yards, affecting the trades themselves.

One of the things I noticed working in a variety of boatyards in mainland Maine and on the islands was that the opinion of some on boat building and how things should be done in general is usually based proportionally on what you drive (Toyota PU or vintage Land Rover, BMW bike in nice weather), what you wear, (only one choice here, Carhart), and what tools you have in your possession. Equally as important, where were these tools purchased? The most likely intent being Marples, Japanese saws, trendy bronze planes, and all purchased from one of the high end catalogs. Or is that catalogues?

I have worked on projects with young men who have displayed a sense of smug humor at my Chevy S-10 (30mpg), "Sportsman's Guide" carpenter pants (two pair for \$20 on sale), and my handmade toolbox filled with old hand-me-down tools and homemade tools and jigs.

When doing a job these same individuals would spend half an hour sharpening their Marples chisel, only to retreat to their three tiered system of Japanese diamond encrusted hones in order to supplement the previous precision grind. In the meantime I have pulled out of the pocket of my cheap-ass pants a small, three-sided stone that rests right next to my Zippo lighter. A few smart strokes on what should have been a reasonably sharp tool to begin with and presto, the job is completed ten minutes before the boys show up, ready to hit it!

Now I mean no disrespect to these young craftsmen, but it does put somewhat of a fine point on the reason why I allowed my subscription to *WoodenBoat* to die of natural causes about 12 years ago, for months all they could argue back and forth over was the virtues of one angle vs another on their chisels. It's all posturing and I just do not have the patience for that. It's probably why I chose not to be a brain surgeon!

The passing of knowledge to the next generation is essential and I have had the pleasure of working with some of the finest young craftsmen in the business. Many of the young folks who are getting into boat building today seem to have an innate talent that took me many years to hone. They know the importance of listening, making jigs, and trying something because the "Old Timer" said, "now this is the way I was taught."

At any rate, to wrap this up, popal is good, not all state or county employees are experts, and some of those dam mills just don't ever cut right!

I actually was going to write more but I peeked into the boat magazine bag and spied the latest, virgin plastic wrapped, 4lb issue of *Show Boats International*. I wonder if they use popal or hack in any of their boats?

# Tomcat Bare Hull Retrieval

By Greg Grundtisch

Last year I read a book review of *The Making of Tomcat* by William Garden. I liked it so much I bought the book. Inside it describes restoring a couple little Beetle cats. From there William Garden decided to see if he could take the basic size of a Beetle and make it more "shippy." He made the freeboard higher, added a little cuddy, and added seating. Beetles have no seating and are somewhat uncomfortable sitting on the floor. There were several other changes, also.

It is a very nice design. Clean, cute, and easy on the eyes. Tomcat is 12'4" x 6'. The book shows two building options, strip built or plank on frame. Our Tomcat is cold molded. A third option.

I noticed an ad in the back of *Wooden-Boat* magazine in January offering a Tomcat hull for sale. It was a cold molded hull built at the WoodenBoat School. It was the hull of choice to teach cold molding to students using Garden's new design. Other than William Garden's boat(s) of this design this might be the first on this side of the country. The first cold molded anyhow. And a very nice job they did of it.

As it turned out there was more to it than just the hull. There were deck beams, cockpit coaming bent into shape, and a little more. Mahogany ply transom, oak keel, an inwale, and rubrail of sorts were on it as well to hold its shape.

When I looked at the photos that were sent I showed them to the lovely and talented Naomi. She instantly said, "Yes, we better get it!" as I only have the skipjack half finished, the masts of the schooner to refinish, the schooner prepared for spring launch (sure), the wherry to restore, and the household projects to complete. I am quite thankful I have her to remind me of these things as I can be a little absent minded.

So in mid-March we happily departed western New York and headed to Maine, trailer in tow. We arrived, after a bone-rattling ride down Highway 175 to Brooklin where we met Mr Rich Hilsinger and went to the school shop. We found our little vessel sitting on two sawhorses. We quickly put her aboard the trailer, tied her down, poked around the shops looking at the boats, then departed for Brunswick for the night and a stop at the Maine Boatbuilder Show the next day in Portland. Then sadly we would return to Lancaster, New York, where the sun rarely shines until May and the snow falls in June. Oh, to be home again. Jesus!

It didn't exactly work out that way. I'll spare you the details except to say we went to LL Bean. Naomi discovered the sales, closeouts, and returns building across from the main building. It took some time. After she bought all she could carry we needed to find a place to eat. I discovered Gritty McGruffs. It's a brew pub. Things were looking up.

We never got back to the show that day. But we did attend. We took a look around and left with the idea we would return later that afternoon or evening. We wanted to stop by the *WoodenBoat* display and talk to Rich and the *WoodenBoat* folks. That LL Bean thing



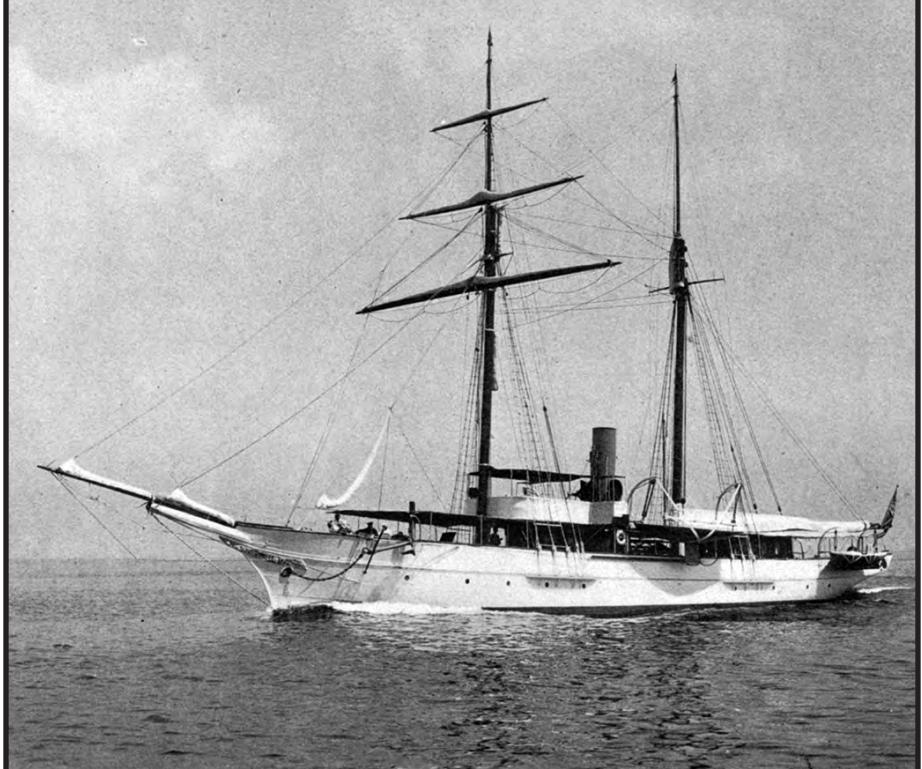
The lovely and talented Naomi with the Tomcat, which she urged me to buy!

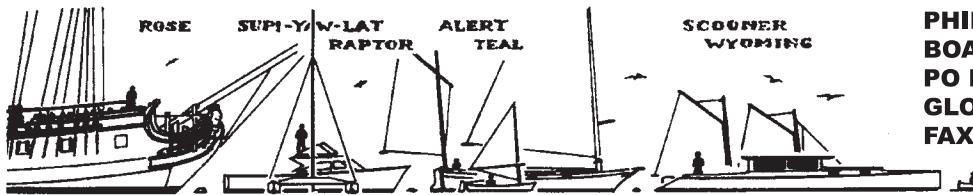
prevented it. The next morning we had to depart for home with Tomcat on the trailer and the hull filled to the gunwales with the great "deals" from Beans.

Tomcat is now safe and sound in the yard waiting for me to hoist her up into the shop rafters. She's waiting patiently for me to complete the previously scheduled projects so I can begin work on her. Naomi, not so patiently! Looks like the year 2019 will be the year of Tomcat at the rate I'm going.

The book, *The Making of Tomcat*, by William Garden, is published by *Wooden-Boat* Publications Inc, Box 78, Brookline, ME 04616. It can be purchased at the *WoodenBoat* store and likely from other online sources. The book has a set of Tomcat plans in it but they are small and can be difficult to read by amateurs like me. No step-by-step instructions either. It is more geared toward the builder with some real experience building. The text and description of what he did in the redesign is what I liked. Happy sails!

From *The Rudder*, March 1963.





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After the recent dense installment of what has happened on our project of developing commercial fishing vessels in keeping with these times, it is about time to pull together the various proposals we've either already gone into or that have emerged since. We'll spare you a broad range of very preliminary preliminaries and will focus on the entry and mid-level day and trip boat proposals, some will look familiar. But before we'll do this, here is the simple rationale underlying the leaner-longer-at-same-weight principles we've resuscitated from earlier decades of powerboat design. Here is how we put it recently in print to fishermen:

"More and more fishermen confirm our fears expressed over the years that the time is approaching when fuel burn of the prevailing hull types of the fleet may force their boats to stay in port just as certain lucrative species are recovering reliably. In an age of \$120+/barrel of oil vs \$15-20 six to seven years ago, dreaming of boutique fish prices of \$20-\$30/lb will only fly on the lower west side of Manhattan. As one veteran long liner recently put it, "Most of our boats were designed for \$1-1.50/gal."

But regulatory classification and routine reference to vessel size by length has prevented the natural evolution towards progressively more efficient hull geometries per horsepower and gallon burned. This has led to ever wider hulls such as 44'x20' gillnetters that, light, weigh in at 53,000lbs on 7' draft requiring 350hp to do just 8.5kts. As Diesel costs have risen well past the \$4/gal mark things won't add up. Shortish, wide, deep, power-intensive hull obesity emerging from length-based federal regulation help neither fisherman nor national energy policy and likely forces harder fishing.

#### Rethinking Hull Length vs Vessel Size

The future should lie in this approach:

Most everybody takes length to mean size, untrue when comparing 44'x12' to 44'x20'.

In an age of pervasive presence of travel lifts, establishing a ready-to-run, no-crew, half-fuel, no-fishing-gear, establishing net hull weight is easy assuming certification of accuracy per machine. Traditionally calculating such weights of extant hulls was laborious, expensive, and not necessarily accurate.

Weighing any given hull and stamping each permit with the addition of its maximum net hull weight in pounds next to the firm horsepower limit allows each permit holder to investigate options to re-establish viable vessel economics that are in keeping with the demands of the time. We've proposed this to industry chiefs and regulators for four years.

#### Permit Adjustment Process

Backdating a cutoff time prevents frantic vessel swapping by crafty folks. Problem potential is minimized by an initial case-by-case approach.

In this energy cost context strict retention of the maximum horsepower limits is obviously desirable.

## Bolger on Design

### Messing About in Fishing Boats

#### Chapter 10

##### A Brief Survey of Design Proposals to Match \$5/gal Diesel Fuel in July '08

Also indicated is the opportunity to dump the superannuated mysterious notion of volume tonnage, accepting rather US Navy practices of listing hull weight in pounds of displacement.

For the small but increasing number of fishermen looking at sails for Diesel/sail hybrid powering of their vessel, an additional 25% weight is registered on the permit to account for the necessary addition of monohull sailing rig, related ballast weight; no sailing rig, no 25% bonus.

"Won't sectors do away with permits?" From what we understand this is likely so, but even under this new regulatory system odd leftovers such as length limitations may have a way of surviving unless explicitly drowned. With sectors, any type vessel should be able to fish its share.

Lower carbon footprint commercial fishing craft will not have any negative impact on the resource.

As the resource regains sustainable strength, only a fleet with a fraction of its current carbon footprint will support the sustainable harvesting of affordable, wild, unadulterated, animal protein. Any regulation which prevents the industry from adapting to the global challenge of fuel cost increases becomes an unacceptable burden for all including those tasked to enforce it. Who would resist greening of the fleet?

#### 15K75/50DA

##### Middle-of-the-Fleet Example

Note: As part of this study any geometries and specs are preliminary and subject to review during the actual detail design of such a craft and final confirmation during static and operational tests on the water.

The average 32-to-35-footer may come in at 13-15,000lbs net hull weight:

Type: Inshore/offshore gillnetter, longliner, lobsterboat, etc. With the gillnet setup shown, 15K75/50D = 15,000lbs fish carrying capacity on a 75hp/50-footer displacement hull.

Basic Specs: 50'Lx11'Bx3'D over skeg/1'2" over hull, 14,800lbs displacement light/30,000lbs maximum.

75hp/four-cylinder Diesel w/3:1 gear and 24" prop for 9.3kts maximum speed drawing on 200 gallons of Diesel.

Heavily insulated modular fish holds total approximately 300 cu ft, plus on-deck totes.

Construction: Sheet plywood/sheet foam/epoxy/fiberglass composite for rapid local permit/quota/budget correct custom one-off (moldless) construction in any heatable shop, using US sourced renewable fir marine ply for primary hull structures backed by blue sheet foam.

Fishing: Work flow geometries on deck are narrower and elongated with the skipper at the hauler and mate standing on 30" wide deck between fish hold modules, picking and separating fish species using outward draining hinged lids/working surfaces covering the 4.5' deep bins, the hydraulic flaker pulls empty net aft into either pen. Each fish hold has multi-day thermal performance to get the most out of icehouse slush/brine.

To unload, fish are lifted out with internal netting hauled up by overhead powered shaft, put into totes that get lifted out through roof hatch, empty totes rest on top of the engine cover. There is volume for extra ice and fish under center sole with on-sole debris drained to the sump ahead of the engine and disposed overboard by macerator or diaphragm pump. For flush work deck ergonomics, the four-cylinder Diesel drive train rests in streamlined pod, fed by wing tanks in the hull's plywood enclosed hard foam buoyancy collar.

Adaptable Work Deck: Instead of narrow/tall fish hold modules, full-width shallower types will fit. Flat sole modules can be dropped in to maximize trap numbers under the hard-top. Note 6' stern gate.

Enhanced Safety: Hard built-in structural unsinkability, approximately 25,000+lbs from foam plus 3000lbs from plywood, adequate to float any and all of the heavier-than-water loads we expect her to carry.

We would route the engine's combustion air intake and any vents to roof top levels. If hull is breached she should be able to steam home with crew standing in waders. Note: Any such vessel can be forced under if overloaded beyond its confirmed capacity.

High volume buoyant bow above lean waterline below for least green water risk, carries on catheads (ready-to-drop) one 40+lbs Danforth and one 75+lbs storm brake plow anchor,

Ground tackle controlled by crew standing high supported in foks'l hatch.

Forty-two inch coamings and steps up trailing edge of transom hung recessed rudder.

Access well with plug over propeller allows cutting pot warp without diving.

Portside leeboard, lowerable to control drift when fishing and in tight quarters maneuvering.

Integrated into her extended rooftop are 2x19' lengths of 1'x2.5' foam boxes intended to help resist terminal upside-down position if caught square on by a breaking freak wave.

No lifeboat self-recovery claims are intended as they are unlikely to be achieved on fishing craft.

#### Objections

"Don't like plywood!" Properly done epoxy cold molded hulls last most of anybody's

working life, as demonstrated by commercial whale watchers or Navy minesweepers.

"Too narrow for my taste." Few argue that a 30'x10' hull is unworkably narrow, with 20' extra length adding even more stability.

"No Planing Speed?" While some still succeed with Diesel at \$4+, high-speed travel is producing progressively more expensive fish which won't sell for more.

"The Feds will never allow it!" In the Northeast, carbon footprint reducing state initiatives are proliferating. In DC the national consequences of burning this much oil are increasingly understood by majorities with either party's administration-to-be predicted to shift markedly from current policies.

"Can't afford the longer tie-up space." Rafting leaner shapes is not unknown amongst professionals. In the '30s, Gloucester had a squadron of ex-Navy 110x16' sub-chaser seiner conversions rafting daily.

"Don't care much for talking green." Whether our ecological watchdog friends respect this approach or not they should! Superior vessel economics allow catering to a broader fish eating public for obvious political advantage. So there is no need to talk, just to do for your own sake!

PS: That obese 44'x20' hull would stretch out to around 80' on same weight for 12kts on same power.

#### See Drawing #1

This 50-footer will fit a good many lower midsize inshore/offshore ground fishing permits.

#### 2K90/30P

Readers may remember these two readily trailerable inshore entry level 30-footers discussed in depth in Chapters 2 and 3 (July 15/August 1, 2007). These are planing hull geometries to run with 90hp up to around 20kts, measuring 30'x7'8"x12" keel draft to carry up about 2,000lbs of catch from a day trip hooking, tub trawling, trapping, jigging, gillnetting, etc.

Not shown are the 4K50/30D versions, differing only in a tucked-up stem to allow efficient running at 7.5kts with up to 4,000lbs of load, pushed along by, say, a Yamaha T-50 or T-60 large prop outboard on a bit deeper draft.

#### See Drawing #2

Behind her tiny enclosed wheelhouse she could carry perhaps up to 40 2'x3'x20" lobster traps on a calmer day.

#### See Drawings #3 and #4

With overnight accommodations this version should allow hunting and gathering across a few days and a keen eye on the thermometer of the heavily iced fish box.

#### 4K45/37D

These 37' long displacement speed hulls are essentially lengthened versions of the 30-footers above, driven by a 45hp, three-cylinder, two-liter Diesel turning a 17" prop through a bronze lower unit sail drive. That power plant will keep her to at best near 8kts but will do so at supreme economy and durability with enough power to spare to drive a hydraulic pump for the line or net hauler, plus large alternator for fully illuminated working night vision. After the initial near doubling of drive train cost vs the outboard she should shine in both day boat and trip boat usage with a displacement of over 7,500lbs.

This type of lean length-to-beam ratio hull geometry does indeed go way back to the

early days when both fuel and engines were big ticket items. Now we enjoy tremendously well-developed power at reasonable cost but must adjust to fuel cost escalating far beyond any historic levels, too many large Diesels out there!

We do not show these fishing craft's interior layouts since they are equal to the 2K90/30P types. But it would be easy to see how a longer house, a shorter cockpit, and that dinghy folded over the engine would make an extreme fuel pump cheater cruiser/liveaboard in civilian hands bumming up and down the ICW, or doing the eastern US.

#### See Drawing #5

Behind that house this longer cockpit should hold about 52 2'x3'x20" lobster traps. "Dachshund" would not be a particularly nautical term.

#### See Drawing #6

Decent accommodations together with efficient and trusty Diesel power invites more extensive inshore and offshore hunting trips.

#### 30K220/70D

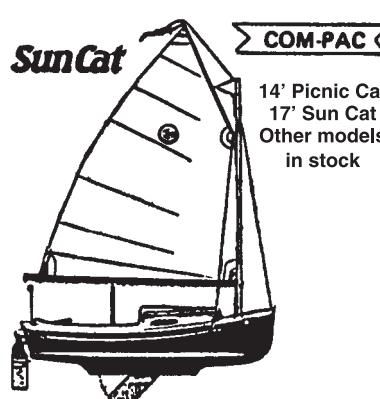
Readers will remember this study from Chapter 5 of this series (September 1, 2007). She measures 69'11"x14'7"x3'1" over skeg with 61,000lbs displacement. A 200-220hp Diesel should move her at 11kts maximum. Notice the off-center engine room access and vent structure to port. Her working deck measures over 40" in length and she can be equipped to run transoceanic, assuming gold plated fish are the rewards, that is.

#### See Drawings #7 and #8

This 70' proposal equals in weight a moderately obese 45'x16' solid fiberglass production hull typically carrying 300+hp to attempt 9kts.

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#### Hunting and Gathering in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century?

Much has been learned over the decades about the ins and outs of aqua farming/fish farming. And for a good long time it seemed to be a promising way to eliminate our seemingly archaic hunting and gathering approach of most of contemporary commercial fishing. But the actual energy input carbon footprint of many of these operations can be startling when one learns that they feed fish to carnivorous fish in order to harvest that fish when grown.

And there are more and more observed and understood negative environmental impacts of many such operations from disease and parasite proliferation, quite apart from digestive remains in waters of limited current. Letting nature do the rearing, growing, and feeding of potential seafood does not look so backwards after all, assuming the harvesting/killing is done in ways that do sustain the resource and assuming that fishing boat designs are used that sustain the owner/operator, the family, and the community at large. "Hunting and Gathering" in the 21st century indeed!

#### Yet to Come

In a future installment we'll discuss hybrid power commercial fishing vessels or, less fashionably stated, motor-sailers for those fisheries that can use favorable winds to save a few more gallons a day to reach the new high-liner goal of least fuel per pound of fish.

Later yet, we'll look into how stern draggers can be modified to match \$5/gal of Diesel. Bred for high bollard pull effectiveness to tow sizable nets mid-water or over ground fish bottoms, they typically have the highest fuel burn per hour. In the past, high catch rates made up for the cost of machinery and fuel burn but that is the case less and less so today. For certain fisheries dragging may become prohibitively expensive, quite apart from concerns over its impact on sea floor and habitat destruction by certain dragging methods. On the other hand, one won't catch shrimp, herring, mackerel, etc with hook and line or gillnets!

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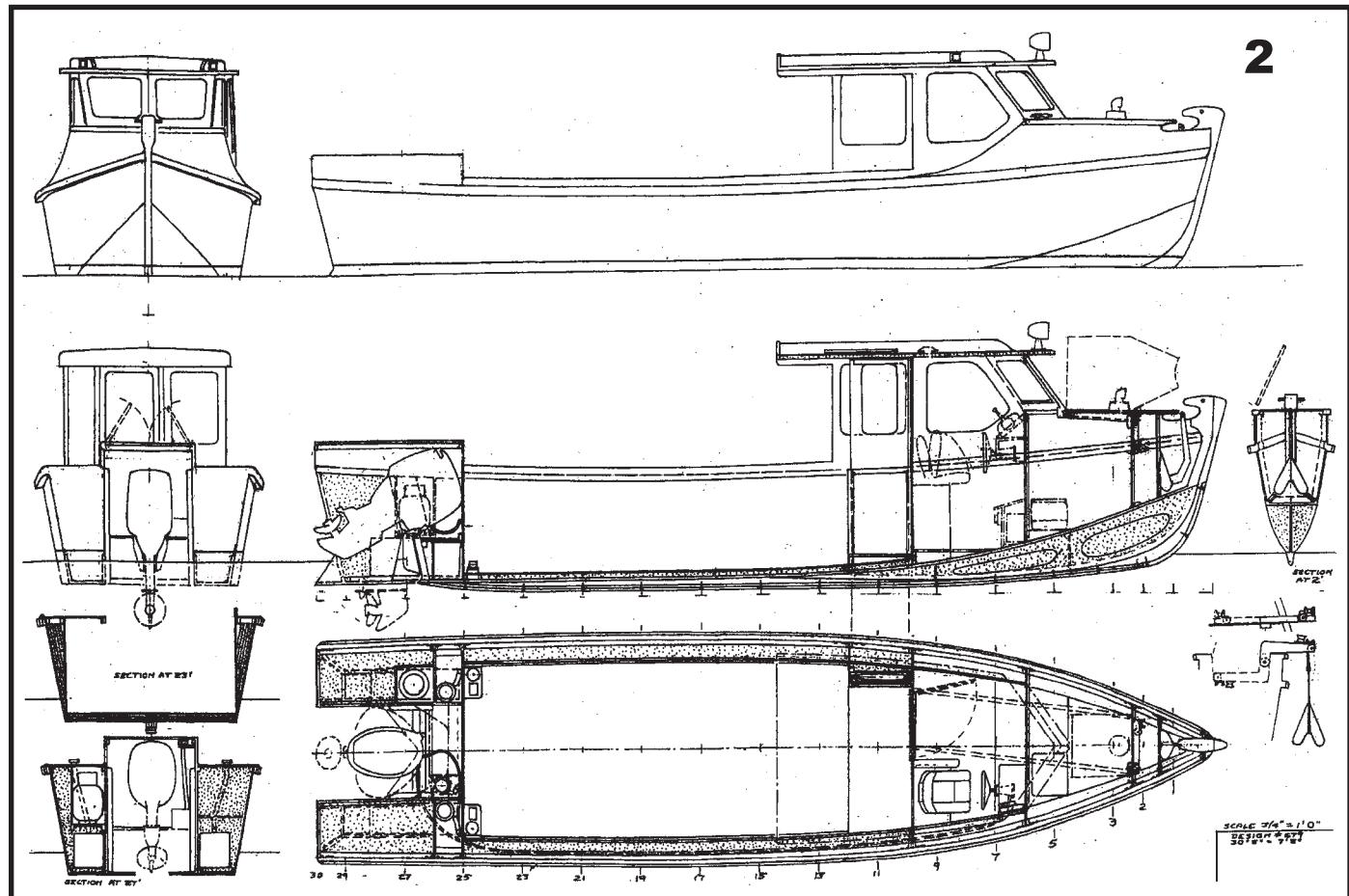
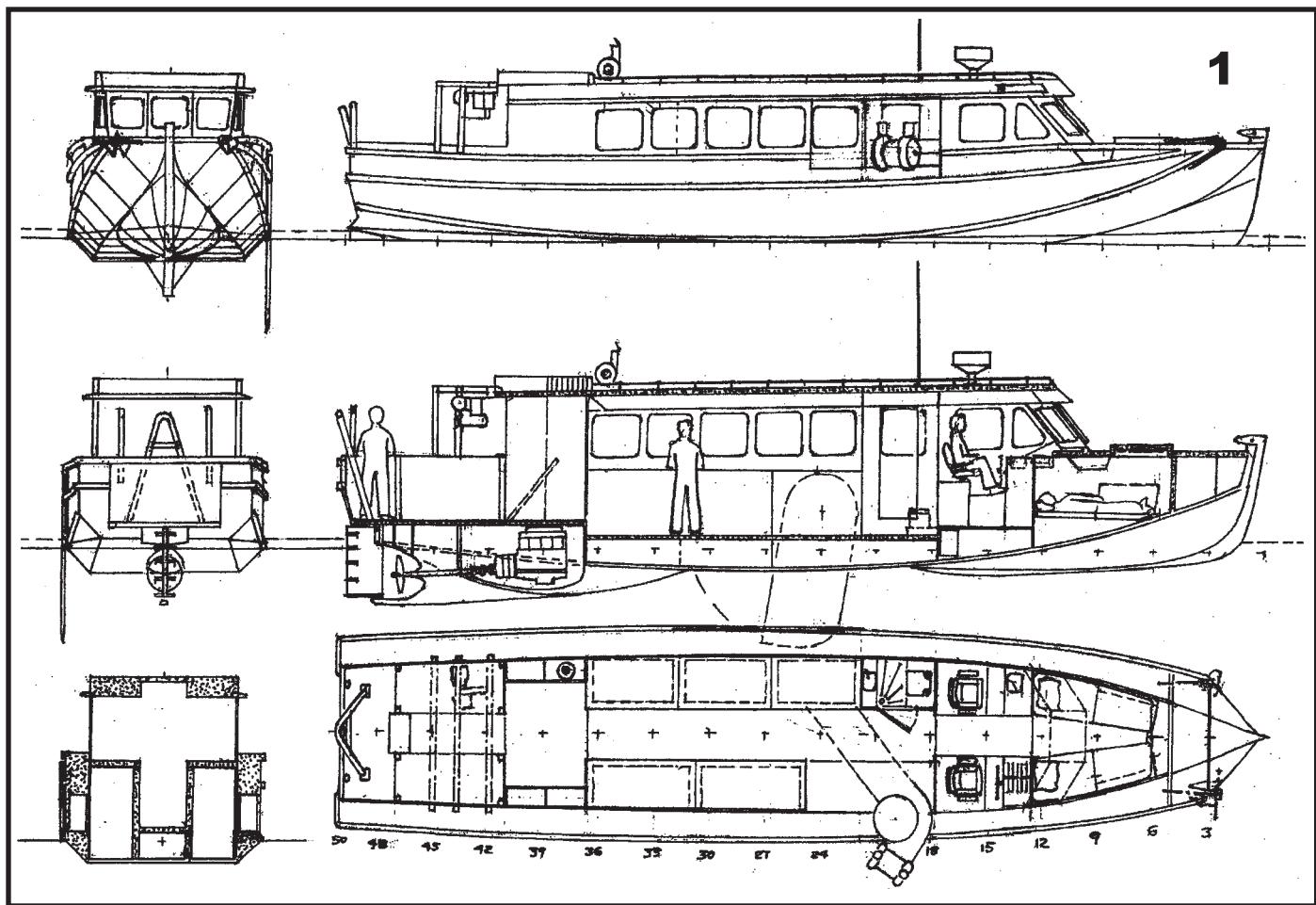
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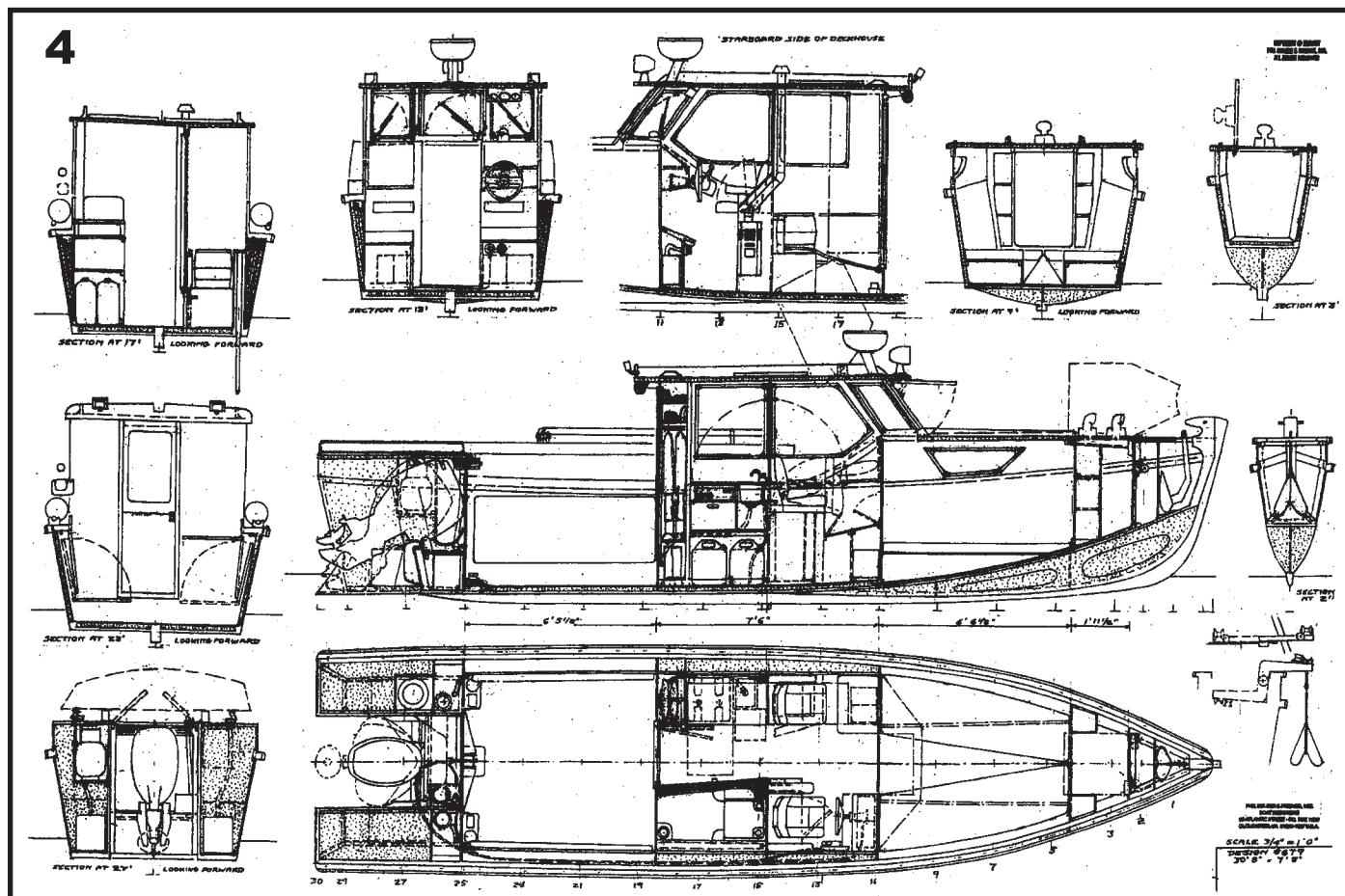
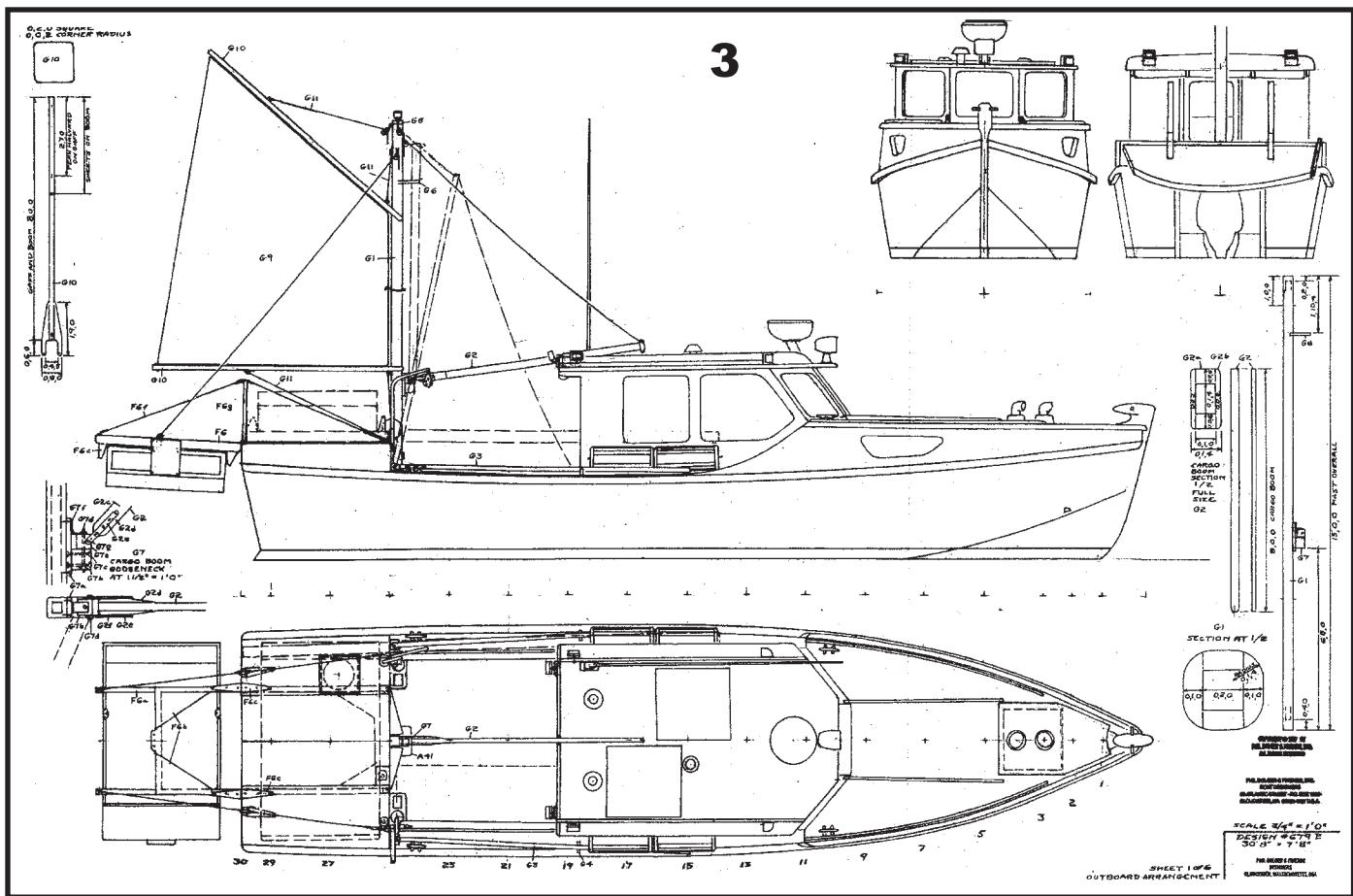
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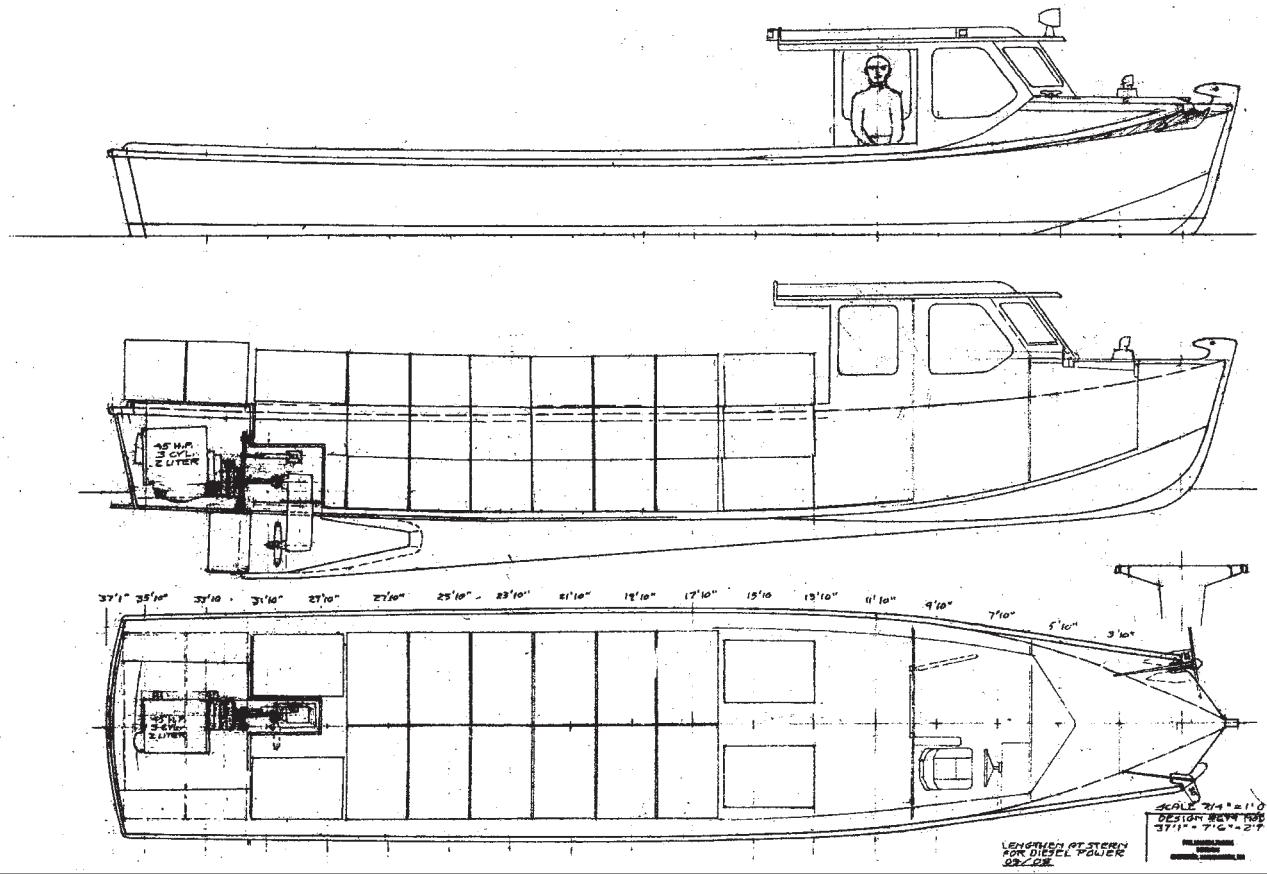
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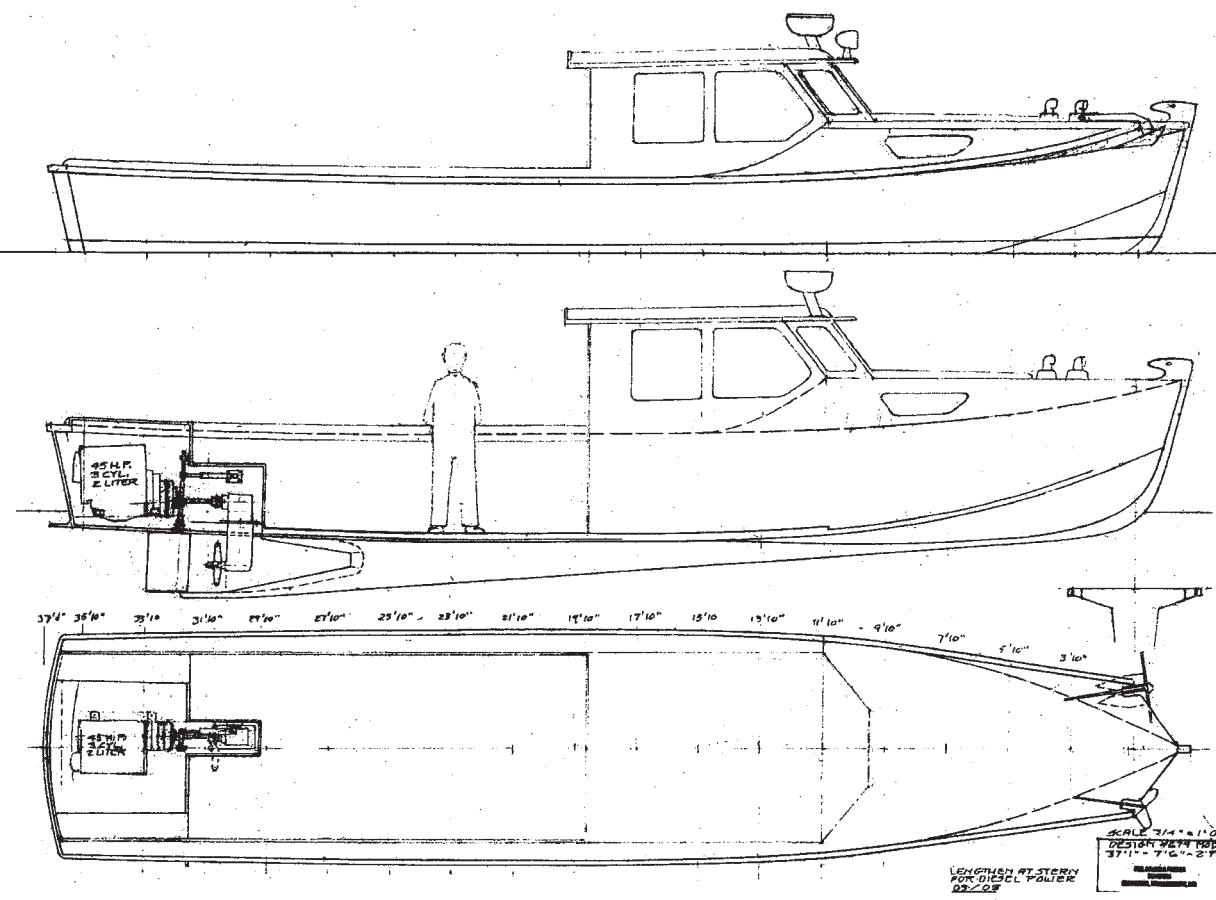




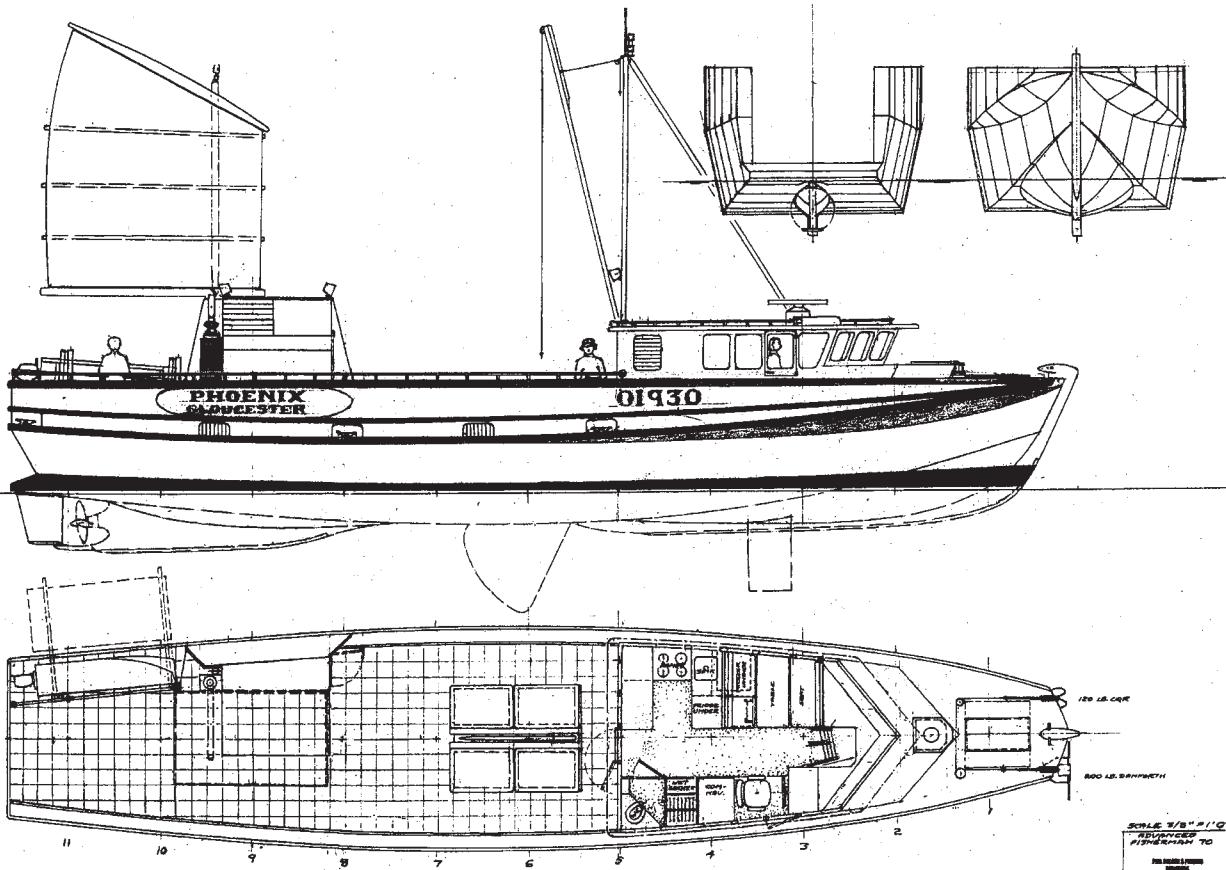
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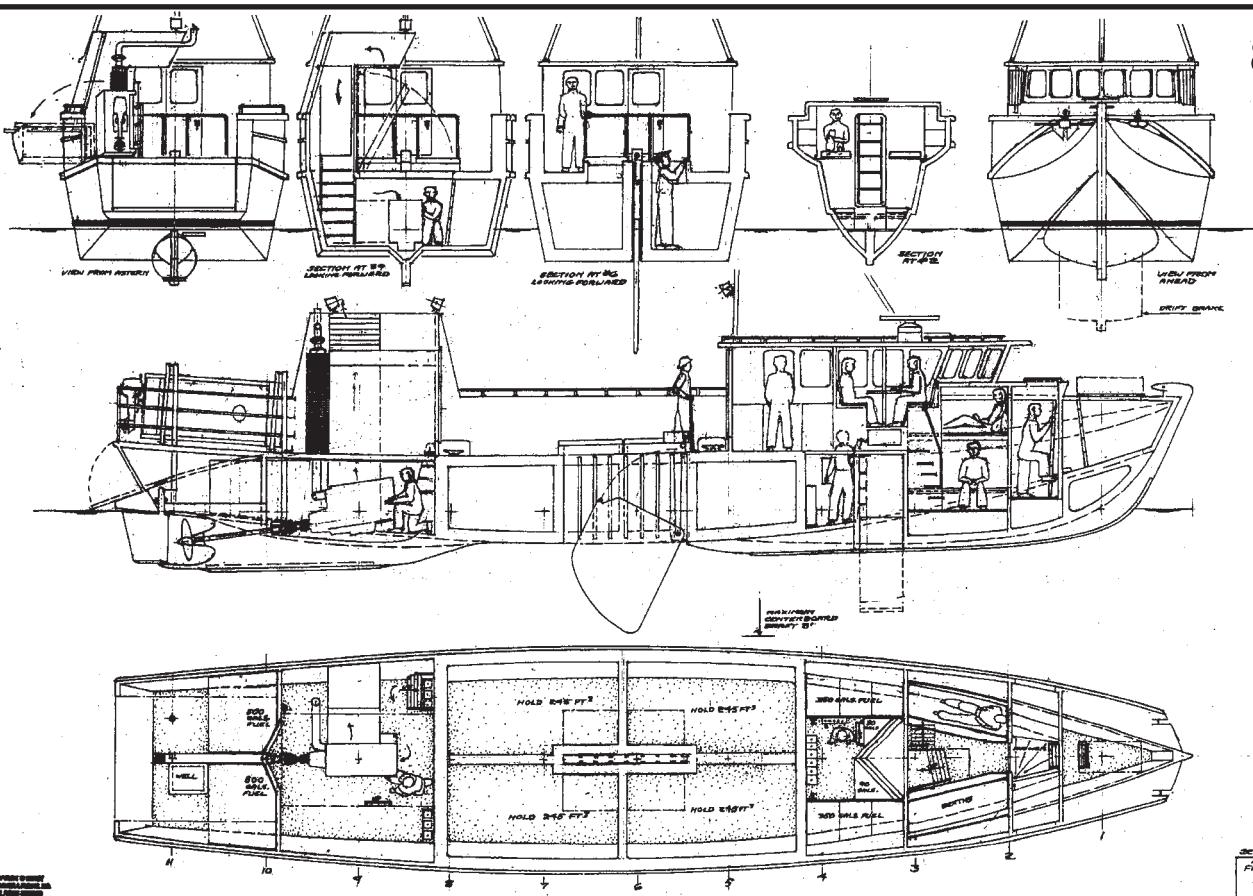
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7



8



Back in 1974 Chrysler Marine published a small booklet, "How To Buy The Right Boat," with a chapter on "Determining What You'll Use It For." The publication also had short chapters on hull design, construction considerations, a well-thought-out "boat buyers checklist" and, of course, information on their boats and why you might want to consider them when purchasing a boat. Ignoring the material on their products, the rest of the booklet is well worth reading when one is considering the question of what type boat for the intended use.

Most of our boats are short and fat rather than being long and lean. If you have paddled a canoe or rowed a small boat, you know that the craft moves through the water with less effort on your part if the craft meets certain hydrodynamic criteria. The same is true for efficient power or sail craft. A review of workboat designs, such as those shown in Chapelle's *American Small Sailing Craft*, will show a length-to-beam ratio of about 4/1 for most of the craft illustrated. General cargo craft (before the more specialized ships started being built; ie, bulk carriers) had a greater length-to-beam ratio running about 6/1 or 7/1 (41' beam x 275' LOA). An interesting item in Chappelle's book is the different boat designs for different part of the United States. What worked well in one area due to local wind/water conditions did not always work as well in another area due to that area's different conditions.

At one time boats were built to meet certain financial configurations. One of the more interesting examples was the "turret deck ship" built in the late 19th and early 20th centuries to lessen the fee charged for using the Suez Canal (for more on the turret ship, see the article in Wikipedia). As noted in the cited article "the hulls of turret deck vessels were rounded and stepped inward above their waterlines. This gave some advantages in strength and allowed them to pay lower canal tolls under the tonnage measurement rules then in effect. The type ceased to be built after those rules changed."

My favorite example of boats built to meet certain regulations were the ones designed to push the fishing boats in the northeast. The fishing boats were all powered by sail and were not designed for the installation of an inboard engine. The early tax on boats with inboard engines led to the development of the "push boat" that was designed to "tuck in" under the transom of the fishing boat. When secured in place this boat provided the skipper of the fishing boat with motive power at a very low cost, since boats were taxed by length even back then.

We deal with certain regulations concerning our current boats that do not necessarily lend themselves to the most efficient small boat design. Federal highway regulations limit the "standard" width to 8' and the overall length (towing vehicle and tow) to 53'. If you have a boat with an 8' beam built to the old-time ratio, the length would be around 32'. Add the trailer and you end up with a rather small, but I hope powerful, towing vehicle.

But there is another consideration on the length of a boat in terms of registration fees and safety equipment regulations that is based on the length of the vessel. Your 32' boat would be in the 26' to 40' classification and your required safety equipment and registration fees would be greater than a boat in the 16' to 26' range. Therefore, due to the

## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

road width limitation and the "price" for a boat of sufficient length, you opt for a boat under the 26' length and live with a ratio of around 3/1.

One of the considerations affecting beam is comfort. In most cases, the more beam the more stability and thus more comfort on board the boat. Our Sisu 26 with just over a 9' beam is a lot more comfortable than was our Sisu 22 with a just under 8' beam (it was trailerable). Space is also a consideration in the design of a boat. As I understand the "rule of thumb," each foot of length is one cubic foot of space. A boat with more beam is usually more comfortable and has more storage than a boat with a smaller beam of the same length.

Of course, unless you are a person who can design and build a boat, all boats are a trade-off between what is desired and what is available. If the boat is long and narrow, you have a stability problem as well as the need to strengthen the boat's keel to support the ends in a seaway. If the boat is wide for its length, you have stability but the need for more power to move the boat (motor, sail, or oars). The efficient power/sail boat is one that meets your needs and moves through the water (wind and wave) with the minimum of effort.

When I started writing this article I researched the length criteria for the classification of vessels. At present, the length segments are:

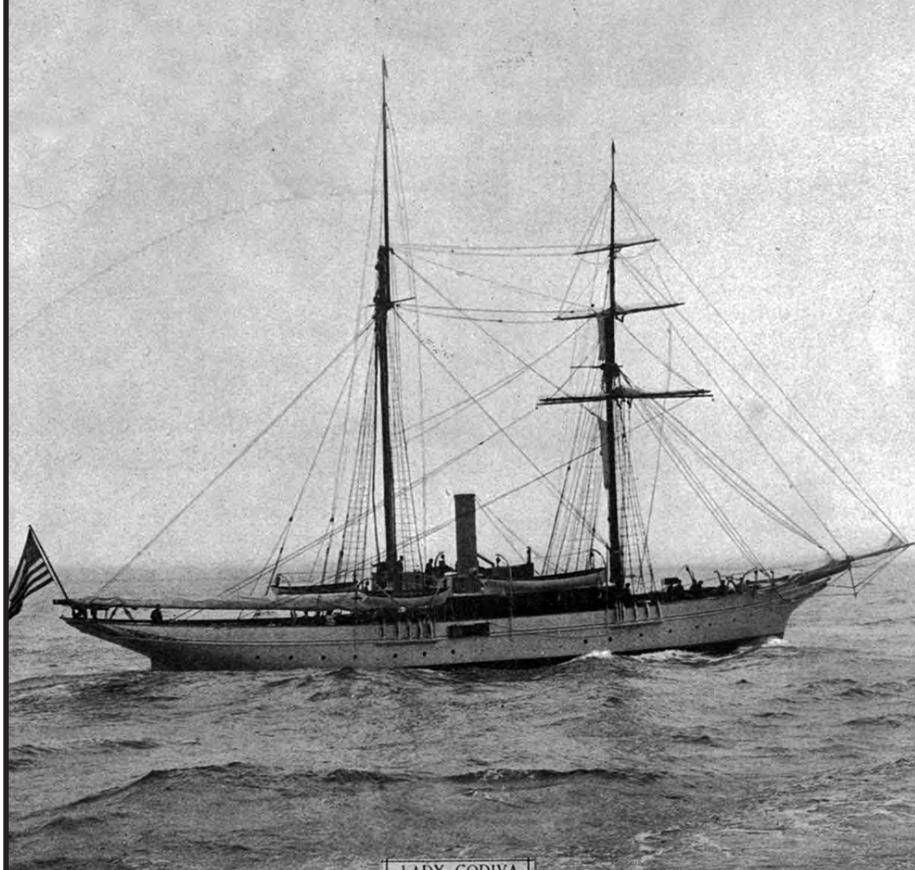
Less than 16'
16' to less than 26'
26' to less than 40'
40' to less than 65'
65' and over

My question to the US Coast Guard, "why these lengths," did not result in a definitive answer. I also sent the question to two boating lists and thus far have not received an answer, although one respondent referred me to the "Motor Boat Act of 1940." My wife and I are now back to the "Motor Boat Act of 1910" in our research. I think the next step will be the Congressional Record for the 1910 time period to see if anywhere there is a statement as to why the lengths were chosen.

To add to the fun, I have been trying to find a definitive statement as to why the width of a vehicle is limited to 8' (8.5' in some cases) as the "standard width" and 53' for the "standard length," also to no avail thus far. If any reader of this article knows where to go to find the information concerning why the vessel length choices and/or the maximum width of a vehicle decision, kindly let me know.

I have the feeling that the length classifications of vessels has the same rationale as the earlier scrapping of the Northrop Flying Wing and the reason why the time zone differentiation between Eastern and Central Time runs down the Apalachicola River until just east of Port St Joe where it turns sharply west and includes Port St Joe in the Eastern Time Zone. Both cases were political decisions based on requests from influential citizens.

From *The Rudder*, March 1963.



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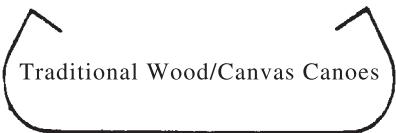
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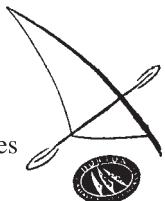


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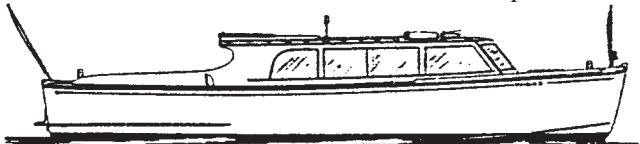
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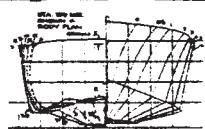
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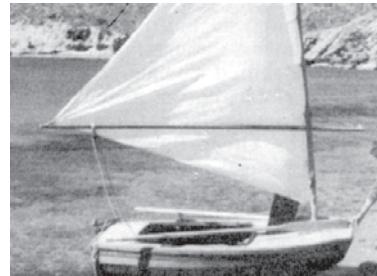


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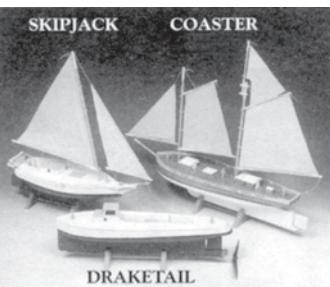
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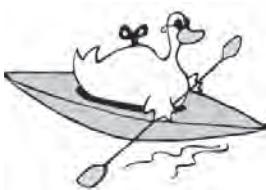
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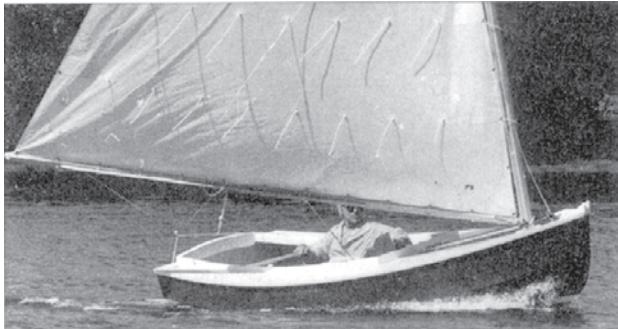
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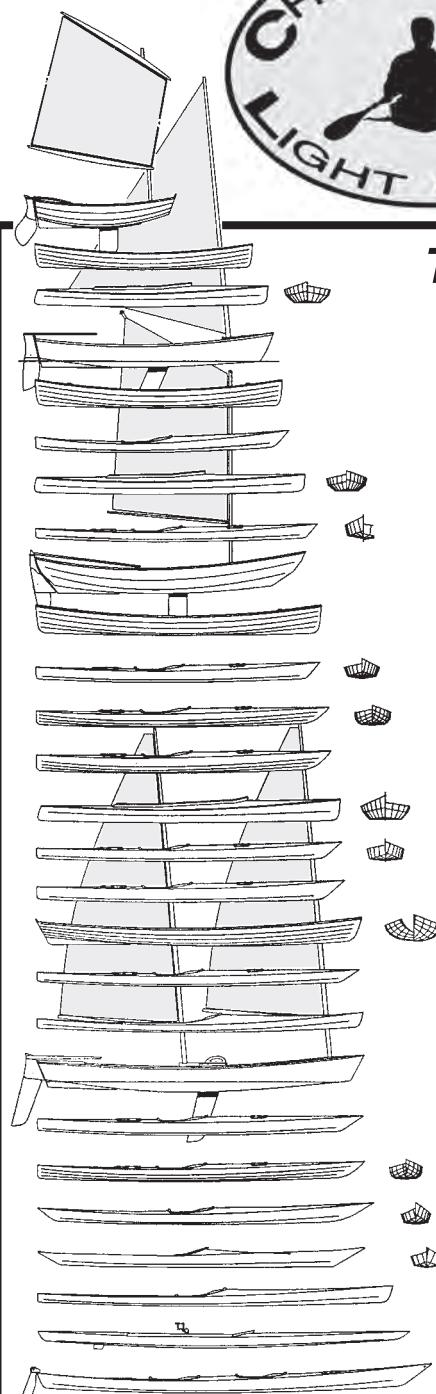
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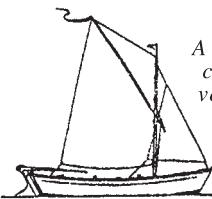
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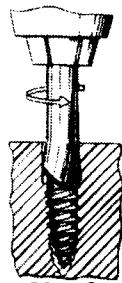


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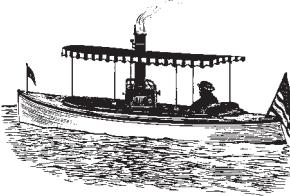
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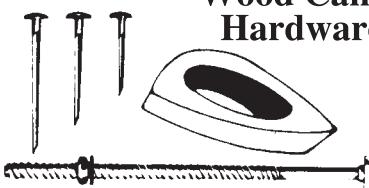
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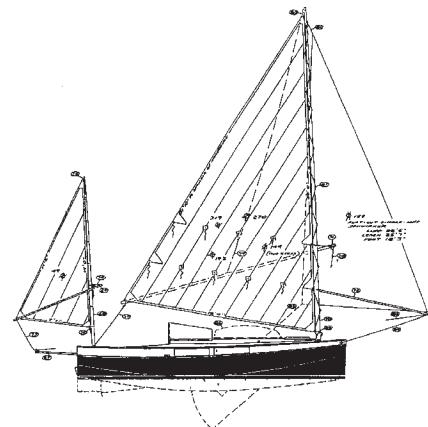
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July 25-27 Finger Lakes Boat Show, Skaneateles, NY \*\*\*

Aug 1-3 Antique & Classic Boat Show, Clayton, NY \*\*\*

Aug 2-3 Champlain Valley Folk Festival, Kingsland Bay, VT \*\*\*

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